SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"HIS LAMENT."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. HAWKINS.

The sun drops low in the red-streaked west!
I stand by my window and watch it fall.
Then shadows creep where before 'twas light,
And in their wake walks the dim, still night,
While mist veils the tree-tops tall.

Everywhere shadows, but down in my heart
Broods a shadow deeper than any around,
And I turn to *her* chair, that dear old chair,
Where she'd sit and talk, with rippling hair,
And little feet tapping the ground.

Here was the sweetest face ever was seen!
Such another earth holds not for me.
But never, alas! shall I see it again,
So I dream of the past with a dull, dead pain,
And a tear for memory.

Ah! well I remember when last she looked
At the roses hung on the boughs of June;
The film of Death crept over her eye
As she leaned on my breast and watched the sky
And the low-hung summer moon.

In yon ghostly village over the hill
Slumbers the dearest of all things dear,
And the rain has beat and the wild wind blown,
And the long green grass has waved and grown,
O'er her head for many a year.

Oh, wearisome years—but I will not lament,
I will think of her not as one under the sod,
I cannot live over those sorrowful years,
And 'tis useless to sigh or to shed bitter tears
For the *blest* in the City of God.

Norfolk, Va.

A LOVE TALE.

BY AN OLD FOGEY.

I am an old fogey of a bachelor—the worse luck for me. It's not my fault, though. I was in love once, deeply, desperately—too deeply to love again. But I am not going to maunder over that story; I merely mention the fact to show that notwithstanding these scanty gray hairs, matter-of-fact face, and solid business habits, I do understand the workings of the "tender passion." Looking at my face, you would never imagine the madcap, illogical things I did at that period of my life. There is a lot of solemn old fogies who go to town in the same omnibus with me every morning. I often wonder whether they ever did the wild things I was guilty of. Now, I detest talking in an omnibus—a top-of the voice dialogue jolted into falsetto—so I frequently amuse myself with meditating upon my fellow-passengers. I know they fancy I am thinking about consols or indigo, and such matters. But no; I fix my thoughts on the face of one of them—perhaps I know the man in business—and then I picture his home life. There he sits in the omnibus, stately, starched, and grand; there are clerks and business honors grimly awaiting him in the city. I wonder whether he snubs and bullies in the household as he does at his office? Or whether that starched pomposity crumbles away in the majestic presence of madam, his wife?

I dine with one or two of these men at their houses; not that I particularly care for them, or they for me: but it is convenient on both sides to be friendly, so I become somewhat acquainted with their home life, and participate in their conversation, which is "city" transferred to the dining and drawing-room, interlarded, on the lady's part, with Morning Post fashion. Now, though all this is dull enough, it affords food for amusing speculation.

I meet my host Brown in the omnibus. I have known Brown for years. His conversation has never varied in subject; it becomes a question whether he ever did talk on any other matter than business. Well, admitting that he did, those matters were doubtless not very edifying, or he would talk about them now. They most likely consisted of "life about town," or sporting talk, which were discarded when the youth solidified into the business man. In all probability my friend did not marry until he became a business man, and I am forced into a curious inquiry as to what he talked about when he was courting. It is always held that love gives a poetic coloring to life, but then the elements in my friend's mind for love to work upon must have been so very meagre; nevertheless I fall to and try to construct a love conversation based upon consols and shares, exports and imports, indigo, and light French goods.

I fall into a sort of day-dream over this idea, which the conductor at last destroys by the magic word "Bank," and I laugh as I fumble for the sixpence.

"What's the joke?" asks Brown, with his solemn face.

"A bit of nonsense that won't bear the telling," I reply, and we trudge a hundred yards or so in the direction of our respective offices, Brown dinning into my ears the merits of that "capital thing" in which I must take shares—ought really to be a director—"The Patent Traction Steam Omnibus Company, Limited."

Brown was bent upon that company, and he was always boring me to be a director, but I was doubtful of the principle. A brougham bound from Grosvenor Place to Hyde Park, poled in the transverse current of Knightsbridge by an ordinary omnibus, is bad enough, but athwart a steam omnibus with its relentless mechanical propulsion, why, the brougham would be a crushed handbox in a moment—and then, last not least, Brown did not succeed in convincing me about dividends; so, before I did anything, I decided to talk the matter well over with my great chum, Harry Smith.

This friend of mine is a young fellow in whom I take the greatest interest, and whom I try to push as much as I can in business; he's in and out of my office half a dozen times a day; we are the greatest friends in the world, though there is five and thirty years or more difference in our ages. I may as well say who he is: he is the son of the lady I loved so well; both his parents died long ago. I took a fancy to him before I knew who he was. He is a noble, handsome fellow, with his mother's blue eyes, light hair, fine complexion, and delicate features. At some moments he becomes the very image of her, and then I am obliged to busy myself with my glasses and the ledgers—but I'm getting stupid! Well, as I said before, we two are very intimate, and always confide to one another our different business plans. I asked him what he thought of Brown's company. He hummed and hawed, and did not know what to advise either way.

"Come," said I—"to please Brown I'll take five-and-twenty shares; no great loss if the thing does not pay. But mind you don't speculate in it, Harry."

"I have taken twenty-five shares myself," he answered.

"What on earth for? You haven't yet made up your mind whether it is a good thing or not."

"Why, you see, Brown asked me."

"*Fiddlesticks!* Brown ought to be ashamed of himself, leading you into doubtful speculations. I'll take your shares instead of buying myself."

"But I don't like to sell; Brown will think—"

I was rather puzzled to discover why Harry should care so much for Brown; but I hit the truth at last—Harry was in love with Miss Fanny Brown.

"My boy," said I, "I fear this is an uphill business. Brown is such an infernally pure-proud fellow, he'll never think you rich enough."

"Fanny has given her promise to me."

"Well, Harry, we'll do our best in the affair. Just step round to Brown's office, say I'm too busy to come myself, tell him to put me down as a director, and say I'll take a hundred shares in the omnibus company."

Harry pressed my hand very hard, and hurried off.

"Poor boy," I thought to myself. "I trust it is not a very serious business. I know Brown will never let him have his daughter."

In a quarter of an hour Harry burst with glee into my office.

"Father," said he—he sometimes calls me father—"Brown is so pleased; he's asked us to dine with him to-morrow, quite in a friendly way, to talk over the company. I was to be sure and tell you it was only a family dinner."

"We will go by all means, Harry."

"You dear good friend!" said he, clasping my hand, "I must tell you all about it."

"But I'm very busy, my boy."

I might as well have tried to stop an express train with my hands.

It was the old story—fresh and new to Harry as the words fell from his fluent lips. Bless the lad! He thought his love tale, his experiences, were quite novel, that mortal had never uttered the like before—it was just as if some one were telling me my own love story, word for word, with the names changed. A young man with next to nothing had fallen deeply in love with the daughter of rich parents—they two had sworn eternal fidelity. How Harry clung to that pledge! He knew she would be true to him. I looked up at his face; I saw how hopeful and confident he was—well-a-day, years ago, I, too, had been very hopeful, very confident, but—

"Why, father," he exclaimed, "how weak your eyes are!"

"They are not so young as they were, Harry," I replied, glad of the excuse. "I don't think these glasses quite suit me. So, my boy, you haven't said anything to Brown yet?"

"Why, I haven't had a good opportunity; but perhaps to-morrow night—" he answered, hesitatingly.

It was agreed that Harry should call for me at my little bachelor box at Bayswater, and that we should go together to Brown's. He came at the appointed moment; the fellow never looked handsomer in his life; we did not speak much as we drove along. I recollect thinking that Brown ought to be proud of such a son-in-law.

I know that I was very nervous when we arrived at Brown's, and I fancy Harry was also. There was a look of greater display about the house than a "family dinner" required, for although Brown is as rich as Crœsus, he is an essentially mean man, and never makes a display unless it is advantageous to do so.

Mrs. Brown was in the drawing-room, and received us with cold stateliness. Her dress was a magnificent triumph of cost over taste, and her manner told me in a moment that she had never intended us to be invited. Presently in came Brown and his daughter. Brown was very cordial in his manner, only I could see he did not mean it; he was profusely polite to Harry, engaging him in eager conversation, which prevented Harry from more than saying "How d'ye do?" to Fanny, who sat some way apart. She really is a very pretty girl, a charming figure, dark hair, dark pensive eyes, a nose delicately *retroussé*—I wish I could describe faces; I can't, I can only say it was a face that went to your heart and stopped there—the red roses twined in that dark hair, and the misty white dress, it was a pretty sight, even to my old eyes—it must have driven Harry half wild to have to listen to this and that "spec." instead of talking to her. I endeavored to rescue him, but Mrs. Brown kept me engaged in conversation.

READING THE WRONG LOVE LETTER.

Presently, bang bang! bang bang! at the house door.

In a moment Mrs. Brown's stately aspect forsook her, she grew very nervous, and Brown fidgeted about the room in an anxious manner.

The Honorable Mrs. Denby and Mr. Denby were announced.

They appeared to be mother and son, and were evidently people of great account, Mr. and Mrs. Brown being so wonderfully deferential in their greeting. I could see Mr. Denby's well-bred lip curl beneath the overwhelming attentions of Mrs. Brown; as for Brown himself, his head was totally lost—he introduced us under wrong names, talked wildly and at random about the weather, and at last subsided into hopeless silence on a spider chair.

Mrs. Denby's easy manner lulled the assiduities of Mrs. Brown, and they sat confidentially talking on a sofa, when the murmur of a conversation fell on my ears which was studded with rich words—"Lord, Lady, Earl, Countess, Duke, Duchess, Court, Queen, feathers, trains, diamonds, carriages, Morning Post."

As for that fellow Denby, I took a dislike to the man at once; there was a superciliousness about him that greatly annoyed me.

Dinner was announced; Brown's head was off again.

To my astonishment I was thrust halfway towards the door with Mrs. Denby on my arm; Harry in the scramble had got hold of Fanny; when a false start was declared, the order of the company was changed, and Fanny was assigned to Denby.

"Treat you quite in a friendly way!" said Brown, pompously, addressing the company generally. I was out of patience to hear the man talk such nonsense. It was a most elaborate dinner; the table was arranged with ware of the Copeland or Minton order, charming fancies, delicately modelled, crowned with flower and fruit superstructures.

"Quite in a friendly way, ma'am," said Brown, addressing Mrs. Denby specially. I could see the smile which Mrs. Denby took care to hide from her host; she was evidently a woman of great tact; in a few minutes Brown was talking to her quite at his ease about the Stock Exchange.

Harry sat between Mrs. Denby and myself, she contrived to draw him into conversation—poor boy! I could see he was ill at ease; the centre ornament of the table completely shut him out from Fanny, who sat opposite with Denby.

I declare I was quite angry at the way that fellow Denby kept on talking to Fanny; I could see he completely bored her. I tried to divert his conversation to myself. I spoke to him upon every subject I could think of, but he only vouchsafed polite monosyllables to me, and still kept on conversing with Fanny, and then Mrs. Brown attacked me on the flank and forced me to listen to her.

"Did I know Lord This That? a very handsome man! and Lady The Other, such a beautiful woman! didn't I think so? and then her cousin the Countess of What's-her-name."

I told Mrs. Brown I was not acquainted with any of these people, but nothing could stop her conversation about fashionable folks; it was positively as if the whole of Burke's Peerage were fermenting in her head, every other word she uttered was a title, and then she would appeal on doubtful points to Mrs. Denby, and to my surprise Brown himself chimed into the conversation and talked very glibly of high people. Why, I could recollect the time when he sneered at aristocracies and great folks, and wanted to make short work of the House of Lords.

I was determined, however, not to be diverted from my resolution of breaking up Denby's conversation with Fanny. I based my attack upon the Danish question, and went from thence to diplomacy in general; at last I observed that he began to listen to me with attention. My opinions are adverse to our present system of diplomacy, and I expressed them freely; my sarcastic strictures appeared to amuse Mr. Denby, when suddenly, to my surprise, Brown bridled up fiercely in favor of the present system, and in a somewhat hectoring manner tried to controvert all I said. Brown quite puzzled me. I recollected, when he belonged to the Administrative Reform Association, that the inefficiency of our diplomacy was his pet point, but the secret came out on my appealing to Mr. Denby for his support.

"Well," said that gentleman, speaking in a perfectly unconcerned manner, "I am aware that there are certain anomalies in the system—"

"There!" said I triumphantly to Brown.

"But," continued he, "with regard to the gross stupidity, as you are pleased to term it, of the persons employed in the diplomatic service, it is scarcely becoming that I should give an opinion either way, having myself had the honor of belonging to that service for many years."

Confound the fellow! I had to stammer out some stupid apology, which he received with irritating politeness.

I was never so wearied of an affair in my life, and was quite relieved when the ladies left us.

All this time Brown had been gradually getting quite at his ease. I take it that dinner is a great democrat and leveller of distinction; a participation in the same *entrée* is a declaration of that humanity which belongs alike to great dukes and insignificant commoners. Dinner, at least, had this effect upon Brown: he became quite at home with Denby, calling him "My boy! Old fellow!"—toasting him as future chairman of the Steam Omnibus Company. I could see that Denby winced under all this, but he was just as polite as his mother.

"It must be that the man is hard up, and wants to borrow money," I thought; "that's the meaning, too, of all the attention he has been paying to Brown's daughter."

At last Brown grew supremely confidential, and informed us of the cost of all the prominent objects in the room, from the big pine and fine dessert service on the table, to the black old masters on the walls.

At length a move was made for the drawing-room; the two younger gentlemen had departed, and I was about to follow them, when Brown playfully detained me by the tails of my coat, and then, as I was such an old friend, he confided to me his plan for marrying his daughter to Denby, who was, he told me, old Lord Deptford's nephew, and would succeed to the title on the death of the present lord.

"And a peer's name as chairman of a company gives such a genuine look to the concern," chuckled Brown, patting me on the back. "Denby has not got a penny, but I am rich enough to buy a coronet for my daughter."

I could not trust myself to answer him; I was was never more agitated in my life than when I entered the drawing-room. I found that Fanny was looking at some photographs which Harry was turning over for her, Mrs. Denby was also looking at the same photographs with great attention. I felt that that clever lady had discovered the real state of affairs. Denby was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Brown. I joined myself to the photograph party, and stood racking my head to find something that would entertain Mrs. Denby, and so allow the lovers a few words, but my lips were glued together and my head was a great blank. At last to my relief Brown came up and requested his daughter to sing; she readily obeyed, and went to the pianoforte accompanied by Harry. I made a strong effort, and feigned intense enthusiasm for a photograph which was before Mrs. Denby.

"Magnificent effect, that doorway!" said I; "light and shade wonderful! the details perfect!" I was watching the lovers all the time I spoke; they were making the selection of the music an excuse for a few words.

"Very cleverly executed," said Mrs. Denby, in reply to my observations. "I recollect the scene perfectly, Venice." I glanced down at her, she was not looking at the photograph, her eyes were also devoted to the lovers. "Frederick," she exclaimed, addressing her son. "Mrs. Brown, would you be kind enough to allow him? I want him to ask your daughter to sing that favorite song of mine; by Edward Lear, Tennyson's words, 'Farewell,' I think it's called," and giving her son a significant glance, she took his place beside Mrs. Brown. Denby went immediately to the pianoforte. I declare I was in such a rage, I could almost have quarrelled with the man, when Brown came up and would make me listen to some stupid story. At last Harry left the pianoforte and whispered to me that we had better go, that our remaining was merely a useless distress to Fanny. We took leave with as good grace as possible. I could see triumph in Mrs. Denby's gray eyes as I bowed to her, and I saw how intently she watched Fanny as the girl hurriedly snatched her hand from Harry's lingering grasp.

We agreed that the only thing was for Harry to write to Brown immediately. When we got to my cottage I persuaded the boy to come in and stop the night. I lighted the candles in my little sactum. Harry sat down at the table pen in hand. I took up a book which I pretended to read in my arm-chair, but I was watching him all the time. He wrote and tore up, and wrote again, till the pen trembled in his hand. It came back to me with wonderful clearness, that night of my life when I had been engaged in writing a letter of the same kind. I sympathized in the agitating feverish anxiety which beset him, for I had experienced it years before.

"I can't tell what to write to Brown!" he exclaimed; "do try and assist me." I put down my book and came close to him. I dictated a sentence which he wrote. "That's just what I wanted to say!" he exclaimed. The words seemed strangely familiar to me; I looked over his shoulder at what he had written. I remembered it in a moment, they were the words of my own letter years ago. "Do go on!" said he, anxiously. It was not the want of words that kept me silent—the old words were ready enough on my tongue; I was puzzling out new thoughts and words; I could find no new thoughts, every sentence insensibly shaped itself

to the old form; he kept urging me to dictate, and in the end there was my old letter rewritten, as it seemed to me, word for word.

It was with sad feelings that I conned over that letter to make corrections, Harry looking at it with the young feelings and young eyes with which I had looked at my former letter years ago. I suppose it was a tolerably good letter in its way, because Harry declared it expressed exactly what he had wished to say.

"It's all so true, so convincing!" he exclaimed. "That part where you hint at the uncertainty of wealth, the little value of high worldly position when life is so short—considerations like those must influence even a man like Brown!"

Well, I could recollect in my day that I had scanned over and over again that bit of moralling, and its incontestable truth had seemed, to my anxious eyes, certain to turn *her* father's heart, but the longer I now look at the words through my glasses, the more trite and unsatisfactory did they become.

I told him he must not be too sanguine.

"But that part of the letter is so true," he urged, with confidence.

"Quite true," I replied. "Why there's not a man living who would not readily confess that life was very short, that death makes quick ending of social distinctions; but you must not think that Brown's readiness to acknowledge that proposition will make one jot of difference to his thirst for worldly position and wealth."

He looked at me with mixed surprise and sadness.

"No, no, my boy," I continued; "logic is very pretty, but it don't rule men's lives. However, we may just as well chance the letter, only I don't want you to build too hopefully upon its effect."

So the letter was sent to Brown; Harry gave me Brown's answer to read a day or two after in my office. I read the result I had feared in his countenance, he was striving to be so very calm and self-possessed. Well, Brown's reply was very like the answer I had received years ago; I suppose in these love matters there is a set of stereotyped forms supplied to men's minds which they use and modify at their need. I thought to myself whether it would be any use for me to see Brown, and before I could determine whether it would be any use or not, I was off.

It happened I was the very man Brown wanted to see, he had been on the point of sending for me, he had wished to have a talk about the Company; he had made an appointment with Denby, who would be with us in a few minutes. That man's name started me on my subject at once. I scarcely recollect the details of our conversation, I was so greatly excited: I believe in my desire to move him I recounted my own history, my early love and disappointment; how it had cankered my existence, the sorrow which had attended *her* marriage with the man she disliked. Brown stared at me with surprise in his stolid face.

"You," said he, "you, such a plain, practical business-man, I could not have believed it! Brown was not to be changed. I promised to give Harry money, declared I would treat him as my son, but all in vain; and then I found I was talking in the strain of my letter about the vanity of wealth. I told him that we were both of us old, and I asked him if we were not sure to die in a few years?"

"Certainly," he replied, with solemnity; "whenever God wills."

And then I asked him what was the worth, for the last few years of our lives, of feasting great folks who did not care twopence for us, and figuring at the tail of the list in the "Morning Post?"

Of course he took care to evade the answer, and this greatly provoked my anger, which was very absurd, considering what I had said on the subject to Harry; but a man can't be perfectly consistent at all times. I abruptly took leave of Brown, ruffled in temper, yet comforted in the conviction that if Harry's case was beyond my mending, Brown had at least heard a few words of wholesome truth.

I must say that Harry behaved admirably under the circumstances; I made him come and stay at my house. He was very silent and thoughtful, we were neither of us inclined for much talking, and when he did speak it was not about his love affair. I had not been quite myself for the last month or so, and I declared that my doctor had recommended me a change to the German baths, for I was anxious to get him away from London. He readily consented to be my companion, and we began to make arrangements for our tour. But Harry, after all, was not destined to be my companion on the continent this year. Three days after my interview with Brown, Harry burst into my room with a letter; he could not utter a word; he thrust the letter into my hand, it ran thus:—

"DEAR HARRY,—Papa and mamma have consented to our marriage; come this evening.

"Ever yours,

"FANNY BROWN."

Harry declared it was Fanny's writing: for the moment I almost thought it must be some wretched hoax. Harry did go to the Browns in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very polite, though cold, but the marriage was agreed to.

I can safely affirm I was never more puzzled in my life than to discover the reason why the Browns had given their consent. I apologized to Brown for the warmth of my language; he was very polite, but cold, so was Mrs. Brown; their manner was just the same to Harry, and they evidently wished us both at the bottom of the sea. Harry, generous-like, would have it that my conversation with Brown, or perhaps a second reading of the letter, had touched their hearts; but this solution was not satisfactory to me. We went the day before the wedding to dine at Brown's with the lawyer. I am a trustee and so forth in the matter, and I had to sign a mass of parchment, which took the lawyer a good half hour to mumble over, the purport of which appeared to be that everybody had assigned their property to somebody else, and that somebody, I could not discover who, was regularly to pay the dividends half-yearly to nobody. I protest I should have had some doubts about putting my signature to such a confused heap of words had not Brown's lawyer who happens to be my lawyer too, clearly explained to me in five minutes at his office what it afterwards took him half an hour to mystify.

Harry was to sleep at my cottage that night, and we left Brown's house together. He was in excellent spirits, so was I too; but happiness at my time of life always makes me rather sedate and meditative. I observed every now and then that Harry broke into a hearty laugh, which rather jarred upon my feelings.

"What's the joke, my boy?" I inquired at last.

"I've found out why the Browns gave in," he replied.

"Out with it, Harry," said I, impatiently.

"You will never be able to look Brown in the face without laughing."

"I don't mind, if that's to be the only penalty."

"Well," said he, "when my letter arrived at the Brown's there was a tremendous disturbance. They tried every method to make Fanny give me up—coaxing, persuading, threatening. Mrs. Denby, too, was brought up to the attack, and very skillfully did she allude to the effect Fanny's youth and beauty would make in the great world, and all the court and honor that would be paid her. One morning Mrs. Brown discovered that I had written several letters to Fanny; these she confiscated, and carefully placed under lock and key in her own particular and sacred desk."

I felt indignant at this, but Harry, to my great surprise, only laughed.

"The evening of that day," he continued, "Fanny was by herself in the back drawing-room, when her father suddenly entered with the packet of letters in his hand, which he requested her to return to me herself, and also to write a note saying that our affair had come to an end. Fanny of course expostulated, and then Mr. Brown said that he had just glanced at one or two of the letters as he came down from Mrs. Brown's room, and that he had never read such precious stuff."

I declared that Brown had no right to read the letters.

"I think perhaps he had," said Harry, bursting into a positive fit of laughter. "He declared they were precious stuff, recollect that—love in a cottage, and that sort of folly. Presently he took up another letter, and after fumbling at it with his glasses, he exclaimed in a state of great indignation:

"Why, Fanny, this is too bad! scandalous! The fellow positively asks you to run away!"

"Harry," said I, seriously, "you never told me about this running-off scheme. You must know that I don't approve of such things."

"Fanny would never have agreed," he replied.

"Then I am surprised that you should have written such a letter."

"Fanny was surprised too, I can assure you. She snatched the letter from her father's hand, and took it to the light of the window."

"Whose is this letter, papa?" she exclaimed. "It's not Harry's handwriting!"

"Don't tell me!" said Mr. Brown, angrily.

"Why, papa! it can't be; yes, yes, it is, though—here's the date. Why, it must be a letter of yours to mamma!"

"The fact is," continued Harry, who was almost choked with laughing, "Mr. Brown had been all the while criticising his own love-letters, which Mrs. Brown had in the confusion of the moment and darkness of the room taken from her desk instead of mine."

"Fanny says she was at first somewhat puzzled by the writing, her father's hand having so greatly changed since he wrote those letters, when he was quite a young man."

Harry went on to say that Brown was overwhelmed with astonishment, and could not be brought for a long time to believe that he had ever written the letters, declaring, notwithstanding the evidence of the writing, that he never could have been such a fool. Mrs. Brown was equally astonished. She managed with some difficulty to call to mind that many years previously she had sorted out some old letters—burning some and keeping others. It was evident she had preserved Mr. Brown's early letters, though she had quite forgotten having done so.

It gradually transpired that Mr. and Mrs. Brown's early attachment had been most imprudent in a worldly point of view; that they had absolutely married without a penny, and had to be supported by relations for some years.

This sudden resurrection of long-buried feelings and sentiments had its effect on Mrs. Brown. In addition to that, the old arguments which had been used against Fanny were no longer available; and at last, after many entreaties, Mr. and Mrs. Brown reluctantly gave up their cherished plan of forming a grand alliance for their daughter.

Harry and Fanny were married the next day. Mrs. Brown wept immensely. Everybody said it was so natural, a mother losing her daughter. Mr. Brown declared "it was the happiest day of his life," but he looked most grievously solemn. There would be no coronet for Fanny, and no reflected honor for himself. I prayed very earnestly for the happiness of both, and I was very thankful that *her* son had married the woman of his love. They have gone to Switzerland. I must say they are very good; they have written to me several times, but I shall be glad when they return, for I miss Harry sadly. G. U. S.

☞ Professor Blackie, of Scotland, delivered an address lately at Edinburgh, wherein he took strong ground in favor of theatres. He pronounced clerical opposition to theatricals nonsense, and said that undoubtedly the stage was a natural pulpit, not perhaps *the* most intellectual, but substantially *a* most intellectual pulpit. He recommended private theatricals to a Workingmen's Society he was addressing, as a means of improvement.

☞ A species of spiritualism prevails in Japan. A late letter from Nagasaki says:—"From the 14th to the 17th inst. (August) the annual ancestral festival was kept up by the natives. On the 14th the dead were supposed to visit their former dwellings, where they remained until the night of the 16th. On that night a vast number of straw boats, brilliantly illuminated, were thrown into the bay, for the purpose of reconveying the spirits to their different localities. The following evening was spent in dissipation of every description."

☞ It is contemplated to open in London a monster restaurant, after the plan of Duval's establishment in Paris. The guests will be served by girls in uniform, and distinguished by numbers, as the performers in the ballet of the "Danaides." The bill of fare will be published daily in the morning journals. The bread will be cut and the meat carved by machinery. The beer and other drinks will be delivered at each table by pipes, laid under the floor, and the plates be brought heated upon small railway cars. A special apartment is reserved for customers' dogs, to be attended to by boys detailed for this purpose.

☞ A man hearing of another who was a 100 years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive, he would be a 150 years old."

SATURD[AY] [EVE]NING

PHILADELPH[IA], [SAT]URDAY, [JAN]UARY [2]

THE [PROSPECTUS]MING

In order to give plenty of time [to those] desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, [as well] as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of cash, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

BUTTER.

Mrs. Stowe in the course of a recent article in the "Atlantic," thus expresses her opinion relative to American butter as compared with the European article:—

"Next to bread comes butter,—on which we have to say, that, when we remember what butter is in civilized Europe, and compare it with what it is in America, we wonder at the forbearance and lenity of travellers in the strictures on our national commissariat.

"Butter in England, France and Italy, is simply solidified cream, with all the sweetness of the cream in its taste, freshly churned every day, and unadulterated by salt. At the present moment, when salt is five cents a pound and butter fifty, we Americans are paying, I should judge from the taste, for about one pound of salt to every ten of butter, and those of us who have eaten the butter of France and England do this with rueful recollections.

"There is, it is true, an article of butter made in the American style with salt, which in its own kind and way, has a merit not inferior to that of England and France. Many prefer it, and it certainly takes a rank equally respectable with the other. It is yellow, hard, and worked so perfectly free from every particle of buttermilk that it might make the voyage of the world without spoiling."

We agree with Mrs. Stowe that a very large proportion of what is called butter in the United States is a villainous compound. In fact, with the exception of the product of certain portions of Pennsylvania and of New York, there is very little good butter made in the country. Around this city, owing particularly to our vernal grass, probably the best butter in the world is made—and a great deal of the firkin butter that is sent from certain counties of New York all over the Union, is truly excellent.

It may be that the rank and coarse grass of the West has a great deal to do with the poor quality of Western butter. At least we have been assured by those who have left this section and removed to Ohio, that they could not, with all their care, make the same kind of butter that they could at home.

No doubt, however, the quality of American butter in general, suffers from the want of sufficient care, cleanliness and skill. And then again, habit is a wonderful thing, and persons may become so accustomed to the taste of sour bread and strong butter, as absolutely to prefer them to a better article. Such persons may come to think that good butter is insipid, and has neither smell nor taste; just as bad whiskey is often preferred by bar-room loafers to the unadulterated liquor.

THE TEACHERS' MEMORIAL.

The school teachers of this city have presented a memorial to the Councils, asking for an increase of their salaries. They give the following statistics relative to the increased cost of living now-a-days:

				Increase per cent.
Tea, formerly 50 c. ₱ lb,	now $1,50 to 1,75,			200 to 250
Coffee, " 14 "		60 to 70,		330 to 400
Sugar, " 8 "		30		275
Beef, " 11 to 14 "		22 to 30,		over 100
Mutton, " 8 to 10 "		16 to 20,		about 100
Pork, " 9 to 12 "		20 to 30,		about 150
Ham, (cut) 11 "		32		near 200
Lard, for'ly 11 "		30		173
Butter, 25 to 33 "		70 to $1,		200 to 265
Milk, 4 to 5 "		12		150 to 200
Flour,				100
House rent,				50
Men's clothing,				200
Dress goods for women and children,				300 to 400
Muslins,				400 to 450
Brown sheetings,				600 to 650
Canton flannels, 10 cents, now 75 cents,				650
Cotton laps, 18 cents, now $1,75,				872
Drugs,				200
Coal and wood,				150 to 200
Boots,				200 to 300

The city expenses are very large now, the payment of bounties to volunteers, and the aid given to the families of soldiers, swallowing up millions of money; and yet, if it possibly can be done, we trust the petition of the school teachers will receive a favorable reply. They constitute a very useful and deserving class, and not a highly paid one.

PERSONAL.—The Mayor and Councils of Philadelphia have unanimously passed a resolution of thanks to Professor R. D. Saunders, D. D., of the Courtland Saunders Institute, "for the great good he has done in saving by his untiring energy the city from the draft."

[ST]. and [ha]ve very well [w]. FREAKS OF [A] RUSTICATION. By [—]. "The Wild Man of the [—]." Published by Crosby & Ainsw[orth] and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., [Phila.]

TRAGEDIES; TO WHICH ARE ADDED A FEW SONNETS AND VERSES. By T. M. TALFOURD. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

GRACE'S VISIT; OR, THE WRONG WAY TO CURE A FAULT. By the author of "Douglas Farm." Illustrated. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS SPARR KING. By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE QUEENS OF THE COUNTY. By the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids." Published by Loring, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

COUSIN ALICE: A MEMOIR OF ALICE B. HAVEN. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

LION-HEARTED. By Mrs. Grey. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for January. OUR YOUNG FOLKS; an Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Sherman's March.

The whole loss in Sherman's army, from wounds, sickness, captures, straggling and all causes, is believed not to have exceeded over one thousand in both columns. The average distance travelled per day was about twelve miles, and a halt was made for a day once a week.

When the two columns were passing Milledgeville, one on each side, five scouts penetrated through to the city, and, meeting no opposition, penetrated into the very town. They coolly gave out that a large Union force was just behind them, and the mayor thereupon surrendered the town. As the scouts were leaving, ostensibly to carry the capitulation to Gen. Sherman, they encountered a company of the Sixth Georgia, whom they turned in the other direction by giving the information that the town was full of Yankees.

The Augusta Chronicle tells the following as occurring whilst Sherman's army was in Milledgeville:—"The Yankees kicked up quite a fuss in the State House. They had a mock legislature, elected speaker, clerk, &c., and were introducing bills, resolutions, &c., at a furious rate, when a courier burst into their midst almost breathless, with the announcement, 'the Yankees are coming,' when the whole concern absquatulated with apparently the most precipitate haste and alarm. This was not a bad travestie on the closing hours of the late session."

Gen. Sherman's columns, in their march to the coast, sweeping over an area of territory at least sixty miles in breadth, foraged extensively on the country over which they passed, and lived in the most sumptuous manner. Not a hungry man could be found in the command. They lived on poultry almost entirely, and, as Gen. Sherman observed, "They had turkey even for breakfast, and would not look at pork; but," he added, "I can't speak so well of those whom I leave in the rear."

"I" and "We."

Once upon a time a poor "natural," who was employed to blow the bellows in the organ-loft of a country church, overheard the organist speaking of his performances to admiring parishioners, and noticed that he spoke in the first person singular only. "Last time I played 'Sing O Heavens,' next time I shall play 'With verdure clad.'" That was the way in which the organist spoke, and it went to the very heart of the poor bellows-blower.

At the first opportunity that offered, the idiot expostulated with the musician upon the injustice of his phraseology. "It is all very well for you to say *I* played the organ," remonstrated the lad, "but where does the wind come from?" In these, or some such words, he endeavored to assert his own share in the anthem; but the organist only said, "Pooh, pooh!—go about your business."

At the next public service in the church, a special piece of music being announced for performance, the organist, well prepared for the occasion, by study of *his* part, was in his place before the key-board. The moment came to begin. His well-trained fingers descended upon the scale, but the only result was an abortive flop. He tried again, with no better fortune. Then he looked up, and saw the face of the idiot grinning round the corner of the instrument.

"Blow away, do!" said the organist, with agony.

"Shall it be *we*?" said the idiot, with his hand upon the lever of the bellows.

"Nonsense, sir, do as I bid you!" replied the performer in an angry whisper, and once more tried to bring music out of the organ. But it was as dumb as a four-post bedstead, or a kitchen dresser.

"Shall it be *we*?" said the idiot, again looking round the corner.

"Yes, yes; *we*, *we*—anything you please!" said the organist in despair. The idiot blew the bellows, and the anthem proceeded.

☞ Horace Walpole wrote: "Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, and they are strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till death."

☞ Thackeray indulged in raw oysters when he was in this country—"Saddle-rocks" of the most formidable description. That is to say, he indulged in one. After that had disappeared, he said: "Swallow 'em; I'd as soon think of swallowing a raw baby!"

[—]ard, sought to ere[ct] [—] to and fro
The verdant sprig of mistletoe.
(Still back and forth in cadence go
The berries of the mistletoe.)
I stood behind her easy chair,
Her features lit by the fire's glad glare,
My daring hand was creeping where
Clustered her rolls of jetty hair,
Whilst up and down—above, below,
Danced in the light the mistletoe—
(High in the oak's caresses grow
The branches of the mistletoe.)
I wreathed her forehead, smooth and white,
In that sweet hour on Christmas night,
And pressed my lips to her blushing cheek,
Whilst through my eyes my heart did speak.
For this I oscillated so
The verdant sprig of mistletoe.

Singular Elopement from London to Hereford.

The last train from London to Hereford, on Saturday, brought among its passengers a clerical-looking doctor, a dandy Frenchman, and a gentlemanly lad, just entered his "teens." The elderly gentleman hailed the first vehicle he saw, and, having ordered the driver to set them down without delay at one of the principal hotels, they were soon within the coffee-room of the City Arms. The old gentleman had no sooner seen his young travelling companions safe before he rushed to the bar, and, apologizing for not summoning the waiter, begged a special favor—an audience with the landlord. That personage was not on the premises, but the landlady, seeing the excited state of her visitor, offered her services in any way in which she could assist him. Visitor and landlady were soon within the coffee-room, and the former was not long in unburthening his mind. He said he was the principal tutor to the sons of a nobleman who was at present with his lady on the continent. He had the sole charge of two sons, the gentleman who accompanied him being one of them, his other companion being their French tutor. They at present resided in a mansion in the neighborhood of St. John's-wood, where they had up to Monday last, a very fascinating young person a parlor-maid, named Richards, and to whom it was observed that the eldest son of his patron, a youth of only between sixteen and seventeen years of age, paid some degree of attention. On Wednesday morning he looked into the bedroom of this young gentleman, and as he appeared to be fast asleep he did not disturb him. Finding he did not reply to a subsequent call, the valet was told to arouse him, when it was found the bed was occupied by a "dummy," made up of the blankets, the bird having flown. Since that time they have been in a fearful state of trouble, and it was only that morning that the young brother, seeing a letter torn up into shreds, and thinking that it might afford some clue to the fugitive, placed the pieces together, and deciphered the name of "Richards, Church-street, Hereford. Acting upon this, they had at once come to Hereford, and were anxious to learn if two persons answering the description of the pretty parlor-maid and "the hope of his family" had been seen, in that neighborhood. The landlady remembered that on the previous Sunday the clergyman of All Saints' Church published the banns of an unusual large number of persons, and she at once sent to the person for a list of their names. But it also occurred to her mind that "Church-street" was not in the parish of "All Saints," but within the parochial limits of the cathedral church of St. John. The vicar (the Rev. J. Goss) was then applied to for a list of those names which he had published, which he said he could not do without demanding fees; but if the names of those sought were submitted to him, he would say if they were amongst the number. This was done, and further inquiry revealed the fact that these parties were to have been "asked out" on the following day, and to be married on the Monday. Their parochial limits having been defined, it was soon found that the lady was residing with a relative, and the young gent in private lodgings opposite. Her friends were soon made acquainted with the consequences that would follow any concealment, and the pair were "unearthed" without delay. They were told that the further publication of the banns had been forbidden, at which the youth appeared quite chopfallen, and the young lady, who was like Polly Perkins in the song, "As beautiful as a butterfly," and at first "as proud as a queen," was, like Niobe, "all tears" at the abrupt manner in which the cup of joy had been dashed from her lips.—*English Paper.*

☞ Miss Mary Elizabeth Forghum, a very intelligent and high-minded young lady of Dayton, Ohio, having on conviction renounced the faith of Christianity, was converted and admitted into the pale of Judaism on Sunday, November 20th, 1864, in the synagogue of that city, by the Rev. Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati, and to strengthen her resolution in weal and woe to steadfastly cling to her adopted faith and the time-honored race identified with it, was subsequently united in happy wedlock to Mr. Edward Weinstein, a young and wealthy Hebrew.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The collecting of Petroleum is generally regarded as a modern discovery made by Drake. But Herodotus, who lived 2,500 years ago—about the period of Malachi—speaks of the collection of Petroleum in the island of Zante, on the western coast of Greece. Dr. Chanler, in the early part of the present century, visited Zante and found an oil well in full operation. The Patriarch Job had undoubtedly visited that well or some other one, a flowing one at that—otherwise he would not have thought of the "rock pouring out rivers of oil."

☞ The magnitude and boldness of a fraud becomes its best support. The millions who for so many ages have believed in Mahomet or Brama lean, as it were, on each other for support: and not having vigor of mind enough boldly to throw off vulgar prejudices, and dare be wiser than the multitude, persuade themselves that what so many acknowledge must be true.

☞ A farmer of South Coventry, Conn., lost five hundred dollars' worth of oxen, the other day, by the fall of the stable floor, which left the cattle hanging by their necks. He sold them for hung beef.

Water.

Dr. Voelcker has delivered a lecture *On the Chemical Qualities of Water for Economical Purposes*, which deserves wide circulation, seeing how much health, and the success of certain mechanical and agricultural as well as domestic operations, depend thereon. As regards drinking-waters, the properties most to be desired are:—(1) the absence of putrescent organic matter; (2) the absence of discoloration, due either to fine clay held in suspension, or to dissolved organic matter; (3) softness; (4) coolness. The nearer a spring is to the surface, the more likely it is to hold organic matters in solution; but wherever the drainage is good, the air which passes along with water through the porous soil almost completely decomposes the organic matter, or, at any rate, makes it innocuous. If, therefore, spring-water has no bad smell, it may be considered as serviceable for drinking. This, however, is not to be taken as an absolute rule, for there are some waters without smell which are injurious. But a bad smell invariably indicates something wrong. On the other hand, there are some organic matters which are not injurious, though they may be unpleasant. In peaty districts, the water is more or less coffee-colored, owing to the presence of organic matters in solution; but Dr. Voelcker believes that these "are not directly injurious to health." With respect to the importance of being able to discriminate among the different kinds of organic matter, he describes a method which we repeat in his own words. "Evaporate from a couple of pints to two ounces" (that is, in ordinary phrase, boil down two pints to two ounces.) "If during the evaporation the water becomes colored, it will generally be found that it contains an amount of organic matter which is injurious to health. If it remains colorless, or becomes but slightly colored, the absence of organic matter of an injurious nature may be safely concluded. If after the water has been perfectly evaporated to dryness, the matter which remains, on being heated, gives off a smell like burnt feathers, which is characteristic of the presence of nitrogenous matters, we have in this at once a proof that the organic matter is of animal origin, and the water should be at once rejected for drinking purposes."

Concerning softness: this is a quality that depends entirely on the composition of the water. No perfectly pure water exists in nature. Even rain-water, which has undergone a kind of natural distillation, contains certain atmospheric impurities, which, though useful in an agricultural point of view, are undesirable in drinking-water.

Rain-water dissolves mineral substances which are commonly supposed to be incapable of solution—limestone rock, for example. In limestone districts and in chalky regions, the water of wells and springs is almost invariably hard, because of the carbonate of lime therein contained in a state of solution. The drinking-waters supplied to London contains from twenty to twenty-five grains of solid matter to the gallon, one of the solid matters being lime, and these waters are found serviceable for all ordinary purposes. Dr. Voelcker here observes: "In supplying water either to a town or to a private house, we should endeavor as much as possible to hit upon the sample which, while it is sufficiently pleasant to the taste, is also useful for the kitchen and laundry, for there are hard-waters which are excellent for drinking purposes, and yet unfit for cooking and washing. A large amount of carbonate of lime is by no means injurious to the health of man, and we have no evidence that sulphate of lime or gypsum, and other mineral matters that usually occur in drinking-waters, are deleterious. Hence, a water that is very hard may still be very palatable, and even be preferred, for drinking purposes, to a softer one which is less sparkling and bright and more tasteless."

The quality of coolness, except in winter, depends of course on the depth underground from which the water springs. Surface-waters are always warm in summer. Uniform coolness has the further advantage of indicating a uniformity of composition. "The reason of this is, that water of uniform temperature invariably has to descend through a dense mass of rock; and as it trickles slowly through the rock, it becomes saturated thoroughly with whatever it can dissolve; while water which finds its way into surface-wells, is liable to be altered in its composition by purely local circumstances."

Hard-water may be softened by the addition of lime-water, powdered lime, or caustic soda. These ingredients are much used for softening the water with which steam-boilers are fed. As regards the action of water on lead, the action is greatest in water containing organic matters, alkalis, or alkaline salts. But Dr. Voelcker thinks that this question "has caused a good deal of unnecessary alarm." Lead in water is removed by exposure to air, the removal being effected by the carbonic acid present in the air. Should carbonate of lead appear in the water, it may be removed by filtration, as it is insoluble. We have dwelt at some length on this subject, because of its importance, and because people nearly always take it for granted that common things are not worth attending to.

☞ The Boston Traveller publishes a list of one hundred and three persons in that city whose annual incomes are about $25,000 as returned under the special income-tax. Ten taxpayers in the Fourth district are assessed upon incomes of more than $100,000 each, after the deductions allowed by law were made. One gentleman, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, has the comfortable income of $365,150. There are about thirty persons in the same district who are taxed on incomes of $50,000, and under $100,000.

☞ Rev. Mr. Burnham of Manchester, N. H., recently enlisted in the army as a private, and was sent to the rendezvous at New Haven. Next morning after his arrival he was summoned before the commanding officer of the post, and addressed:—"Mr. Burnham, I see by your name here, that you are a reverend. About a dozen reverends have enlisted and come here; and as you are the first that has stayed over night without asking for a chaplaincy, I guess we'll make you chaplain!" So they made him chaplain of the post.

☞ Two hundred and fifty-seven acres of land, in a certain portion of West Virginia, were worth two years ago, two hundred and fifty-seven dollars. Two weeks ago a million and a quarter of dollars were paid for the same land. "Struck oil."

☞ Gen. Sheridan was once a newsboy. That was when he learned how to go to press Early.

☞ South Carolina is as discontented with the Confederacy as she was with the Union. The "rights" of that much-abused state are always being trampled on.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Eve of the morn our Christ was born,
A babe in Bethlehem's manger sleeping;
Eve of the night whose heavenly light
Illumes a world its festal keeping;
Eve of the day, when, far away,
In fields where lonely shepherds tended,
An angel's word of men was heard
To spread the joy from Heaven descended.

Again we hail the wondrous tale
The simple herdsmen feared receiving—
"Glory to Heaven, the highest, given,
And peace unto the earth believing."
"Peace and good will to mortals," still
The angel-voice through earth is crying.
Harp-like, as when the ears of men
Heard where the heaven-born child was lying.

The night is cold, the Year is old,
The pulse of Time is beating slowly;
But Christmas cheer to-night is near,
And Christmas thoughts are high and holy;
We weep no tears for dying years;
Be theirs of life the common story;
But give to truth eternal youth,
And crown its natal day with glory.

The hearth is warm, though fierce with storm
The bitter wind without be blowing;
For Christmas time's the tropic clime
Of hearts with cheerful homage glowing:
The winter grieves o'er withered leaves,
And leafless branches sigh and quiver:
But green shall be our CHRISTMAS TREE,
And beautiful, in faith, forever.

Petroleum in California.

The existence of petroleum oil in various parts of this country, and, indeed, in other countries, is not a new thing. It has been long known and used, in limited quantities, for medicinal and other purposes. But the discovery of the many practical uses to which it may be applied belongs to the intelligence of the last two or three years. Those uses are scarcely second in importance to the discovery of the oil itself. Two years ago so few were the purposes to which it could be applied, that millions of gallons in the oil regions of this state were allowed to run to waste, and so low was the price, by the great increase of production beyond the demand for consumption, that it would hardly bear the cost of barrelling for market. Now, during the past year, the shipments to foreign ports reach some thirty millions of gallons, and the price per gallon is steadily on the advance. New and important uses to which it may be applied are almost daily discovered, and based on the wide and varied demand for it. Extensive refineries, both in this country and in Europe, are going into operation, preparing it for the new purposes for which it is found to be fitted, and more economical than any other oil known. There is no reason to believe, from the experience of the last two years, that petroleum will ever be less valuable than it is now, great and increasing as we know the production to be. There is much that is wild and loose in the formation of oil companies and the manufacture and sale of shares, but the man who measures the value and importance of the oil trade by what is seen to be extravagant in share making, will be found but a shallow reasoner. The business is young, and yet oil bearing territory is already found in several of the states, covering in extent thousands of square miles. The most wonderful feature of this most wonderful business yet brought to light and usefulness, is in California, very near the Pacific coast. A feature of the supply of oil in this new region is peculiar to that locality alone, so far as known. It comes to the surface, and in many places forms pools from which it may be baled. But even in the remote region here named the oil was known to exist as long ago as the last century, but the wants of man had not then discovered a use for it. The United States Coast Survey Report for 1862 referred to it, and during the present year, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, has explored most of the region, extending from the ocean back to the mountains, fully confirming in his report all the previous statements in regard to the immense deposits of petroleum there found. All the practical men who have examined this new oil region, agree that the oil, samples of which we have seen here, is fully equal to that of the Oil Creek Basin in Pennsylvania. The most extensive deposits yet found are on the Santa Clara river, and 140,000 acres, or nearly 219 square miles, of the territory within the region, have been purchased by a company of enterprising capitalists mostly in this city, who have put into the hands of John C. Cresson, Thomas A. Scott, and Lewis Cooper, of Philadelphia, John B. Church, of New York, and Hon. Levi Parsons, of San Francisco, as Trustees of the Philadelphia and California Petroleum Company, for the protection of shareholders, who have sold one hundred shares at $1,000 each in gold, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the necessary improvements preparatory to production. According to the report of Professor Silliman, and the report by the Coast Survey, nature seems to have specially favored this region for the cheapest possible production of oil. The outcropping being several hundred feet above the level of the tide, the oil may be conducted through pipes from the wells to reservoirs erected near the shore, (a distance of some six miles,) from which shipments may be directly made. It is estimated that the oil can be transported to New York on return vessels for not exceeding five dollars per barrel, and to Liverpool direct at little if any advance. From the wells to San Francisco, by sailing or steam vessels, the distance is about 300 miles. The price of refined oil at San Francisco for the past year has ranged from 50 to 65 cents per gallon in specie. The development of the property is to be prompt and energetic, and as all kinds of machinery and material necessary to production and refining can be secured and delivered on the premises as readily as to any other petroleum region now developed, the amount and quantity of the oil, and the practicability of bringing it to market will be soon tested.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ Great guns cost something. A 10-inch Parrott gun costs $4,500, a 15-inch Rodman gun costs $8,500, a 15-inch Krupp's gun costs $22,400, a 12-inch Blakely gun costs $35,000. The two latter are made of steel.

☞ A juvenile of the tender age of four died the other day, at Baltimore, from the effects of swallowing a nickel cent. At least so the coroner's jury declared. The evidence showed that the unfortunate youth had washed the penny down with a quantity of whiskey. The jury, judging most likely by experience, decided that the whiskey could not have killed him, and it therefore must have been the cent.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ No Wonder.—The Richmond papers are jubilant over the capture of Gen. Kilpatrick's hat. Their exuberant joy shows the value attached to hats in that forlorn city, where a very ordinary head-covering costs $175. Kilpatrick however has never missed his hat.

☞ A young lady whose name was Mayden, having married a gentleman by the name of Mudd, gave rise to the following:

Lot's wife, 'tis said, in days of old,
For one rebellious halt,
Was turned, as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.
The same propensity to change
Still runs in woman's blood;
For here we see a case as strange,
A MAYDEN turned to Mudd.

☞ Prof. Goessling (a German chemist, residing, we believe, at Cincinnati,) has discovered a new process whereby crystallized sugar can be made from corn starch. It is said the professor has by this process obtained three and a half or four gallons of beautiful white syrup from a bushel of corn; and also discovered a method of turning this syrup into granulated sugar, similar to the cane. This syrup is beautifully white, and can be used in tea without darkening the infusion.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

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The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

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Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ A man, supposed to be insane, paid in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, a strangely modelled piece of white metal, and departed. The man who received it gives this description of it: "On one side a woman sitting on a wheel, holding in one hand a stick, on the top of which is a night-cap. The other side has a large chicken on it." Antiquarians who have examined the piece say it is the ancient quarter dollar which passed for currency in the earlier period of the country.

☞ The Germans are the only people who pay honor to *passive genius.* By this name they distinguish a class which we meet with every day, consisting of earnest-minded men, devoted to goodness and truth, and also largely gifted; but with hesitating speech, and such a want of fluency that they cannot explain their own ideas. They have conception without expression. Their minds are like black glass, absorbing all the rays of light, but able to give none out for the benefit of others. Jean Paul calls them the "dumb ones of Heaven," for, like Zachariah, they see visions of high import, and are speechless when they would tell them.

☞ A Florence paper relates the following instance of the certainty with which a murderer may be detected by taking a photograph of his victim's eye after death. A woman named Sagnoli having been murdered in Florence a few days ago, the prefect of police, who had already caused two men to be arrested on suspicion, resolved to try the above experiment, and had the eyes of the dead body photographed. The photograph obtained being duly enlarged, the whole of the right cheek and lower part of the face of one of the men in custody were discovered accurately depicted on the interior membrane of the eye. The resemblance is said to be so striking as to preclude all possibility of doubt. (Doubtful.)

☞ "Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of lending my aid to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent; "the gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

LATEST NEWS.

Hood's army is said to be totally demoralized. He is reported to have told his corps commanders to get off the best way they could with their commands. The rebel army is now beyond Columbia. The railroad is but little injured, and the trains run to Spring Hill. The enemy has lost 51 cannon, 18 general officers, and 17,000 men.

Nashville dispatches state that our forces have crossed Duck river, and have moved to a point south of Columbia. Our cavalry dashed into Columbia, and the enemy retreated without firing a shot. The rebel forces were at Pulaski on Thursday morning. Columbia was not damaged. Forrest joined Hood at Columbia on Tuesday evening.

The Butler-Porter expedition arrived off Wilmington on Tuesday night. This information is contained in an official dispatch from Wilmington published in the Richmond papers. Gen. Bragg telegraphs to Jeff. Davis that the weather is bad, the fleet cannot operate, and he is able to hold Wilmington.

General Sherman and staff, according to the Charleston Courier of the 15th, have arrived at Hilton Head. Savannah, it was rumored, was to capitulate at noon on Thursday.

A body of guerrillas attempted to cross the Potomac on the ice, near Muddy Branch, on the 23d. They were discovered and defeated.

A persistent fire is still kept up on the Dutch Gap Canal, but very few casualties occur.

The Richmond Whig says that General Davidson's cavalry column, from Baton Rouge, had reached and passed through Augusta, Miss., on the 20th, for Mobile, and warm work was expected soon. Augusta is 65 miles, in a direct line, from Mobile.

Admiral Porter reports to the Navy Department that within the past fifty days the fleet under his command has captured and destroyed $3,500,000 of the enemy's property in blockade runners.

☞ The Northampton (Mass.) Gazette of the 5th inst. says that Mr. Howard, ticket agent of the canal company in that town, had $2 in silver quarters paid him by a well dressed American lady, one day last week, with the request that he would give her a $2 greenback in return. She appeared to believe the exchange an accommodation to her. The occurrence was so singular that a watch was kept on the lady for fear she might be a runaway from some insane asylum.

☞ Immortality.—A little girl who had learned that human beings have souls, but that animals have not, recently lost her pet squirrel. She mourned his death bitterly, and when her mother suggested that she ought not to grieve so much at the loss of an animal, she said, pathetically:—"I shouldn't care, mother, if Benny went anywhere—he just died and didn't go anywhere."

☞ A prominent bachelor politician on the Kennebec remarked to a lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale and maintained a discreet silence.

☞ It is said that the famous "Code Napoleon" is due to the author's imprisonment. While a subaltern he was once under a military arrest for four days. Upon a shelf in the guard room lay a copy of the Pandects, which for a brief term were thoroughly read by the only mind that for eleven centuries could approach the author. This four days' reading was digested in that Code which afterwards became the law of France, and which astonished the world by showing that its first soldier was also its first jurist.

☞ We understand that, as a mark of respect to the new Chief Justice, our principal law-publishers have resolved to bind their books in future in "greenbacks."

☞ A grave gentleman asked us the other day if black-leg sheep were more disposed to gambol than others. We have referred the matter to General Wool.

☞ There is a story going the rounds of the French papers about a pyrotechnist who was sick unto death. Knowing he could not live long, he caused his workmen to make a series of candles, which, after burning a short way, as usual, would suddenly reach a stratum of pyrotechny, and go off in the best style. These candles were given to the priests, who, at the funeral services, were to sing Gregorian chants around the corpse; and, while engaged in this solemn act, the fire-works went off with full brilliancy, to the great consternation of the ecclesiastics.

☞ Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off the superfluous expenses; the last is the bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last being covetousness, the last without the first being prodigality. Both make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found!

☞ The following epitaph may be seen in the cemetery of a parish in the environs of Paris: "Here lies Madame N——, wife of M. N——, master-blacksmith. The railing round this tomb was manufactured by her husband."

☞ A Rich Poet.—Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, pays tax upon an income of $14,171.

☞ That is an extraordinary expression, "learning by heart." Might it not more correctly be called learning by mind, or impressing upon the memory? Nay, our ancestors were better philologists than ourselves, and they knew that all knowledge was useless which was not stamped upon the tablets of the heart.

☞ How to Get Rid of Your Corns.—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty, the remedy will be sufficient.

☞ Punch says, a vulgar error is that more attention can be paid to a sermon when the eyes are shut.

☞ What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? I'm down on you this time.

☞ A conductor on the Cleveland and Columbus Railroad was alarmed, a few days since, by the apparition of a man on the embankment, who was gesticulating violently, and apparently desirous of stopping the train. The conductor with some difficulty stopped the train, and running to the man, ascertained to his disgust that he was fighting a hornet's nest.

☞ If books are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in Nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

WORDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Who is this that comes knocking
At this most unseemly hour?
When the stars are all on guard
And the dew is on the flower."

"A beggar. The boon he craves
Is to look upon your face.
Ah, gentle, lovely lady,
Can your heart deny him grace?"

"If I show my face to-night,
Most like you will kiss my cheek,
For you beggars, one and all,
Take more than you come to seek."

"Nay, I will not kiss your cheek,
Nor yet your two sweet blue eyes,
I swear it by all the stars
That look at us from the skies."

"Now I know that you are false,
For my face you cannot see;
There is no moon, and the pines
Are as black as black can be."

"There is no moon, and the pines
Do your lattice darkly shade;
Only come two steps with me
Into yonder open glade."

From her window down she stepped,
The wind blew from the south,
He took her by her lily hand
And kissed her on the mouth.

LIZZIE MATTIERS.

AMONG THE ALPS.

BY THE COUNTRY PARSON.

It is a great deal easier to get up in the dark at half past four in the morning in Switzerland, than it is anywhere in Britain. There is something so bracing and exhilarating in the mountain air that you are easily equal to exertion which would knock you up elsewhere. Men who at home could not walk five or six miles without fatigue, walk their thirty miles over a Pass without difficulty; come in to dinner with a good appetite; and after dinner, without the least of that feeling of stiffness which commonly follows any unusual exertion, are out of doors again, sauntering in the twilight, or visiting some sight that is within easy reach. Yesterday was a resting day with us; so to-day we had breakfast a little after five; and then, the three black leather bags being disposed on a black horse, that scrambled like a cat over ground that would have ruined an English steed's knees in the first quarter of a mile, we set off at six o'clock to cross the pass of the Great Scheldeck to Grindelwald.

First, along the road up the valley for a mile or so; then turn to the right and begin to climb the mountain, which on that side walls the valley in. The ascent is very steep, and the path consists of smooth and slippery pieces of rock. You soon come to understand the wisdom of your guide, who requires you to walk at a very slow pace. *That* is your only chance, if you are to climb such ways for several successive hours. The inexperienced traveller pushes on at a rapid pace, and speedily is quite exhausted. After a little climbing you may turn to the right, where you will see the torrent of the Richenbach go down nearly two thousand feet in a succession of rapids and falls, hurrying to the Aar in the valley below. On, higher and higher, till you see the huge snow mass of the Wetterhorn far before you on the left; and you enter a little plain of bright green grass, dotted with many picturesque wooden chalets. On, higher and higher, till you stop to rest and have something to eat at the baths of Rosenlani, a pretty inn near a rock where the Reichenbach comes roaring out of a cleft. In a large room here you will be tempted to buy specimens of wood carving, very beautifully done. Having rested, you determine to make a little deviation from your way. Twenty minutes' stiff pulling up the hill side, over a very rough path to the left; and you cross a bridge that spans a fissure in the rock two hundred feet deep, where a little stream foams along. Now you stand beside the glacier of Rosenlani; not large, but beautifully pure. A cave has been cut out for many yards into the beautiful blue ice; and into it you go. It is a singular place in which to find yourself, that cave, or rather tunnel, in the solid ice. The air is cold, the floor is somewhat wet; a soft light comes through the ice from without. But there is no time to linger unduly; and we return down the rough slope to the spot, near the inn, where the guide and packhorse are waiting. Now upwards again, by a very muddy path through a long wood of pines. But gradually the pines cease, and the ground grows bare, till you enter on a tract where the snow lies some inches deep. Parched as are your hands and your tongue, there is a great temptation to refresh both with handfuls of that snow, which in a little while will leave you more parched than ever. But after no long climbing you reach the summit of the Pass, 6,500 feet above the sea. Here you will find a little inn, the Steinbock; where a simple but abundant repast awaits the travellers. Thirty or forty, almost all English, sit down to copious supplies of stewed chamois, washed down with prodigious draughts of thin claret. Here you rest an hour. And going out you look at the Wetterhorn, which rises in a perpendicular wall of limestone rock, many thousand feet in height, beginning to rise apparently a hundred yards off. But your eye deceives you in this clear air and amid these tremendous magnitudes. The base of the precipice is more than a mile away. And when you begin to descend towards Grindelwald the awful wall of rock seems to hang over you, though nowhere you approach within a mile of it. It is not safe to go under, for now and then you hear a tremendous roar, and looking towards the Wetterhorn you see a mass of what looks like powdery snow sliding swiftly down the rock. You are astonished that so small a thing should make such a noise. But that is an avalanche; and if you were nearer you would know that what seemed powdery snow was indeed hundreds of tons of ice, in huge blocks and masses. And if a village of chalets had stood in the way, that slide of powdery snow would have swept it to destruction.

It is a fact, well known to students of physical philosophy, that it is incomparably easier to go down a steep hill than to ascend one. This is a result of the great and beneficial law of gravitation; according to which all material bodies tend towards the centre of the earth. And the consequence of this law is, that when we set off to descend from this height, we do it very easily and rapidly. A horse, indeed, looks a poor and awkward figure scrambling down these paths; but if you have in your hands that long, light, tough staff of ash, shod with iron, which is called an Alpen Stock, you will bound over the masses of rock at a great pace; doing things which in a less exhilarating air you would shrink from. All the way down, on the left, apparently close by, there is that awful wall of the Wetterhorn; and you may see other peaks, of which the most noticeable, or at least the most memorable, is the Schreckhorn. By-and-by, by the path, you may discern a man standing beside a great square wooden box, like a small tub, fixed on a stake of wood, four or five feet high. And when the travellers approach the man will fit to that box a wooden pipe, eight feet long; and sticking his tongue into the lesser end of the pipe, will vehemently blow into it. That rude apparatus is the Alpine Horn, of which you have heard folk talk and sing. There is nothing specially attractive to the ear in the few notes brayed forth; but what grand echoes, doubled and redoubled, are wakened up in the breast of that huge wall, and die away in the upper air and mountain! Produce from your purse a liberal tip, and ask the mountaineer to let you try his horn. You blow with all your might, like my friend Mac Puff sounding his own trumpet; but there is dead silence, as when to such as know him well Mac Puff does so sound; a feeble hissing of air from the great tub is all that rewards your labor. And one always respects a person who can do what one cannot do. Down along the slope; till, turning a little way to the left, you approach the Upper Glacier of Grindelwald, filling up the great gulf between the Wetterhorn and the Schreckhorn. Into this glacier you enter, by an artificial tunnel; but the ice is dirty and streams of water pour from it on your head. Thus you speedily retreat. Great belts of fir trees fringe the glacier, which, like other glaciers, comes far below the snow line. For as the ice which forms the glacier gradually melts away at the lower extremity next the valley, the ice from above presses on and fills its place. The glacier is in fact a slowly advancing stream of ice. And all the glaciers are gradually retreating into the mountains, as increasing cultivation and population make the lower extremity melt away somewhat faster than the waste can be supplied. Starting from far in the icy bosom of the Alps, in the region of perpetual snow, the Grindelwald glaciers come down to within a few yards of as green and rich grass as (if you were a cow) you would desire to eat.

Now we walk for an hour through meadows in the valley; pausing at a chalet to have some Alpine strawberries, small and flavorless; and so, at five o'clock on Monday afternoon enter Grindelwald. The inns are filled with travellers; but we are lucky in finding space at the *Adler*, whose windows look full on the Lower Glacier at the distance of a mile. From a great black looking cave at the end of the glacier, a river breaks away; of the dirty whity-brown water that comes from the glaciers. It is a curious thing to see a river starting, full grown from the first. Look to the left of the lower end of the glacier; the ground meets the ice. Look to the right and there a pretty big river, that looks as if it had burst out from the earth, is flowing away as if it had to run a score of miles.

HIDE AND SEEK.

"Why don't you play with your sisters and the little ones, Walter?"

The little boy blushed, and answered hesitatingly:

"They only play children's games, mamma; I wanted them to play something sensible, but they would not."

"What do you call sensible games?" asked his mamma, smiling, and sitting down upon the garden-seat beside him.

"Oh! 'Hunt the Hare,' or 'French and English,' or 'Bait the Bear,'" replied Walter.

"Well, these are very nice games for boys, but perhaps the girls like something quieter."

Walter looked indignant, and said, in a tone which showed plainly what a condescension he considered the proposal on his part.

"I did offer to play 'Hide and Seek,' mamma; but they ran away like a parcel of geese."

His mamma laughed.

"Well, here they are, coming back; suppose I advise them to have a game at 'Hide and Seek?'"

"Yes, do, dear mother; you can make them do anything."

And Walter looked quite happy, as his mamma proposed a game at "Hide and Seek," and every child caught up the idea as if it was the most delightful thing in the world; and very soon the garden and shrubberies were ringing to the well-known sounds of "Ready!" "Tally ho!" and "Whoo, hoop!"

Walter was wild with fun, and when his turn came rushed off, shouting they would "never find him—he knew of such a good place." And so he thought he did. He had remembered an old meat-safe in a distant corner of the grounds, which was completely hidden by evergreens and trees, and here from the very first, he had planned in his own mind to hide. Not at first, however; he would call out in quite a different direction, and then run like lightning along the path to the old safe.

So Walter took rest in a summer-house a long way from the safe; and having shouted, "Ready!" started off at his best pace for the safe, which he soon reached, and pulling open the rickety old door, scrambled up and shut himself in.

A few minutes afterwards a shrill and terrible cry rang through the garden. Some of the children stood still and grew pale; others, thinking it was only fun, did not care. But the poor mother knew it was a cry *of* pain, and although she did not recognize the voice as Walter's, she was very frightened, and rushed away in the direction she fancied it came from. And then for about a quarter of an hour, the children went on looking everywhere; but there was a sort of fear upon them all—they did not shout much, or run wildly in amongst the thick bushes; and at last not a voice rose above a whisper as they searched on and on; Mrs. Temple, for that was Walter's mother's name, searching with them, and looking so pale and frightened that they began to be frightened more and more, and when they had gathered together, and decided to "give up," it was some minutes before any one would shout out the words; and then they all stood in a body and shouted together, the boys putting their hands on each side of their mouths, and growing quite red in the face with the energy they displayed. Yet, loud as the shrill young voices, were, there was one voice rang high over all, and it said—

"Walter, by boy; answer, my boy!"

Then poor Mrs. Temple fell down, white and cold, and when the children brought help from the house, they heard the servants say she had fainted.

Great and greater became the consternation when Walter did not turn up, and every servant about the place was soon searching. Each nook and corner was looked in; all, at least, but the right one, which, by some unaccountable mistake, was forgotten, and not one of the many who passed by the corner where the old safe stood remembered anything about it; and so the summer day, that had begun so happily, faded away, the sun sank down behind the hills, the bright stars came twinkling out in the cool, quiet sky, and the wondering, frightened little children went to their different homes, to tell their strange story.

All night the servants were in the grounds, searching, and ceasing not. Mrs. Temple was wandering about, calling Walter by every fond and pet name. It was close upon midnight; she had reached the head of the long walk, at the end of which ran the path to the safe, when suddenly a little white-robed figure ran noiselessly up; it was a little girl whose parents lived in the nearest house. She lifted her pale face to Mrs. Temple's, as she said—

"I couldn't sleep, so I got up to look for him."

Mrs. Temple could not speak. The little child, clothed in her long, white night-gown, and with her golden hair hanging round her sweet, grave face, looked so like an angel, that the thought came to Mrs. Temple that God had sent her, and she was silent. She took the soft, warm hand, and suffered the little child to lead her on down the dark, mossy walk, across the grass mound at the end, then along another path almost overgrown with shrubs, and still more thickly carpeted with moss, upon which their footsteps fell perfectly noiseless.

Suddenly both stood still; a low, moaning sound came from the wood, something like the wind, yet there was not a breath of wind. They listened; it sighed forth again, a human voice, low and weak from great pain.

Poor Mrs. Temple staggered, but held faster by the little hand.

"What is it, Dora?" she whispered, seeing the child gazing up in her face.

"It's him—it's Walty! I knew God would let me find him," she whispered; and then speaking out loud, she called, softly—

"Walty, dear; try to tell us where you are."

There was silence for a minute, then came the moan louder and sharper—it was close to them; and at that instant the remembrance of the old meat-safe flashed upon Mrs. Temple. She cried out a bitter yet joyful cry, and ran forward, still holding Dora's little hand. There stood the old safe; there was no room for doubt now: the weary moaning came from it, and, with trembling hand, the mother unfastened the door.

"Are you there, Walty?" said Dora; for they could not at first see anything. Then they saw something dark hanging from the roof. It was Walter, poor fellow; a great rusty hook had caught him under the chin, and there he had hung, all those long, dreadful hours, unable to make a sound loud enough to attract attention.

Mrs. Temple put her arms round him and lifted him up, and then, with his head lying heavily upon her shoulders, ran towards the house; but before she got very far she fainted, and had not little Dora had the forethought to run on directly Walter was found, there is no saying what the sad end might not have been; as it was, the servants came directly, and carried them both in.

Walter's wound was a very dreadful one, and it was many a day before he could tell them how the accident happened. When he did, the explanation was very simple; he was trying to see out by a crevice at the top of the safe, when he missed his hold, and came down, his chin striking the sharp point of the hook; he had given only one scream, after that he could do nothing but moan. He heard the children's voices, and heard them close to him, but could not make them hear. Walter got quite well in time, but he was much more careful, you may believe, and it was very long before he could bear to play at "Hide and Seek" again.

THE IDIOT.

Not lost! though forth from those dull eyes
No soul may seem to shine;
And though a dark, mysterious veil
Obscures the light divine.
We may not question Him who made
His creature so forlorn;
But only use Love's power to prove
Not lost the idiot-born.

Not lost! but now to life and hope,
By patient gentle care,
Though it may be but *one* fair flower
The poor blank life may bear:
One thought, that God is great and good—
One hope to gild their way;
Though but a single spark gleams forth,
'Twill that kind care repay.

Thomas Moore.

I went on New Year's day to visit my friend Mrs. Carr, whom I accompanied to some London parties. The most *piquant* of these was a dinner at Hoppner's, where they were, besides Hoppner himself, who has more wit than almost any man, Memory Rogers and Anacreon Moore, otherwise "Little," who is an Irishman, and told us some Irish stories with infinite humor. In the afternoon came the Opies; presently Mrs. Opie and Moore sat down to the instrument. Mrs. Opie was not in voice, but Anacreon! upon my word, he gave me a new idea of the power of harmony. He sang us some of his own sweet little songs, set to his own music, and rendered doubly touching by a voice the most sweet, an utterance the most articulate, an expression the most deep and varied, that I ever witnessed. No wonder this little man is a pet with duchesses? What can be better fitted for a plaything of the great than the ruddy, joyous, laughing Irishman, poor but not humble, a wit, poet, and musician, who is willing to devote the charming talent to their entertainment for the sake of being admitted to their tables, and honored with their familiarity?—*Lucy Atkins' Letter.*

☞ To think is not merely to have ideas—to be the theatre across which images and emotions are marched, but to sit in the midst as master of one's own conceptions.

FASTRADA'S RING.

A Legend of Charlemagne.

Hildegarde had gone to her God. Her husband had mourned her, and then raised another to her vacant place. This third wife of his was Fastrada, daughter of Rudolf, a Frankish count. She was married to Charlemagne at Worms in 783. She had not Hildegarde's noble heart, nor her sweet and loving nature; but the young bride's dazzling beauty, liveliness, and wit, made her perfect mistress of her husband's heart. Her lightest wish was his law. Even the squabblings, bickerings, and feuds with which her petulance filled his court failed to shake his love and fealty to this spoiled and malicious beauty. Stern as he was, he humored her with a criminal weakness which made her doubly capricious and overbearing. Still he was wilfully blind. In the midst of his dream of love and bliss, death tore the blooming lady from his arms. She drooped and died at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, after nine short years of wedlock. Her husband's anguish was unutterable. He who faced death and disaster without flinching, who had borne all other woes with kingly dignity, now seemed to have lost his manhood and his faith. He gave way to such frenzied paroxysms of despair, that his faithful followers thought grief had driven him well-nigh crazy. Night and day he watched beside the corpse; they could not tear him from it. He seemed to fancy that life *must* come back to the senseless clay. He called on her name without ceasing; sometimes he would cry out, "She is not dead, but sleeping," and stare wildly into the blank faces of the living, into the still, white face of the dead. He could not be induced to seek his lonely pillow, he loathed the sight of food and drink, and when his paladins besought him to let them bury the remains, they actually quailed before his fury. He swore that she would waken from her trance, and, as if to bear him out, corruption seemed to have spared the beauty of the dead. He was lean and frightful to behold—so wan with grief and fasting. None dared to meddle with him, he looked so like a phantom from the world of gloom, so haggard, gaunt, and hollow-eyed; now raging like a maniac at those who would have lured him away, now plaintively calling on the much-loved name. Even good Archbishop Turpin, who heretofore had never spoken in vain, was unheeded. Men feared that not only the Emperor's reason but his very life was in jeopardy. In this hour of distress the good archbishop and the sorrowing dwellers in the palace wearied Heaven with prayers, and God came to their aid at last. Turpin slept, and in the small hours of the night a vision revealed to him the secret spell that enthralled his master, body and soul. He saw the corpse and the watcher, and a ring plaited in the shining tresses that mocked the death-pallor with their golden gleam. He knew by intuition that in the gem lay the magic bond between the living and the dead. He suddenly awoke, fell on his knees, gave glory to God, and stole on tiptoe to the death-chamber. The weary watcher never heeded him; he stooped down over the corpse, trembling; he lifted the silken tresses one moment, and the ring was in his hand. That instant Charlemagne started as from a troubled dream, and, shuddering, faced the bitter reality. He saw, he owned, that she who was the joy of his life was indeed gone from him, and he bore it like a man. He listened to the holy man's words of resignation, threw himself on his bosom, and wept aloud. These gray-haired men wept together, and of his own accord, Charlemagne followed the prelate from the death-chamber. He ordered Fastrada to be wrapped in purple and gold, and carried with unheard-of pomp to Mayence, and buried there right royally in the abbey church of St. Alban, where he erected a splendid tomb to her memory. No mention is made of his having attended her funeral. Perhaps he could not bear to hear the clay rattle on the coffin that held all he loved best on earth.

Great was the joy of his people when they saw him issue once more from the gloomy portals of his castle, and ride once more through the streets of Frankfort. All the time of his infatuation, the neglected business of the state had accumulated, and now he set to work to put all to rights. In his gloomy castle of Ingelheim he plodded through the business of his realm, striving to stifle the pangs of bereavement in the manifold cares of state, thus to deaden his ceaseless regret for the bewitching woman whom he could never forget.

He had ever loved and respected good Archbishop Turpin as one of the trustiest of his councillors; but since the prelate had got hold of the ring, he would hardly suffer him a moment out of his sight. This influence became so great, that the man of God actually trembled at the extent of his own secret sway. He had ever exerted it for the weal of church and state, never to forward any private interests of his own; still he foresaw the terrible consequences that might ensue, were the talisman to pass into other and less scrupulous hands. Long and anxious meditation convinced him that he had best rid himself of the gem and its load of cares, and thus also prevent others from becoming possessed of it. He long sought his opportunity, and chance favored him at last. He had accompanied the Emperor to his hunting-seat, raised on the site of the ruins of Ephen, just beside Aix-la-Chapelle.

The castle stood in the midst of a little lake. One morning Turpin stole away from his master's side, dropped in the ring, and the blue waters closed on it for ever. From that hour a mystic tie bound Charlemagne to the spot. He had always liked the city he had created. Henceforth he loved it better than any spot on earth. He never slept out of his hunting-seat, unless imperatively summoned away by the most urgent calls of business; and each return endeared it more and more. No matter how far away he had to go, the magic gem, sparkling unseen in the waters of Ephen, brought him back again. Towards the end of his days the Castle of Ephen was his favorite refuge from the cares of state. For whole hours at a time he would sit under the shady trees looking down into the still water. Men said his brain was busy recreating the eventful past—the bloody wars, the glorious triumphs of his prime—the hours of fleeting rapture passed within those very walls with Fastrada by his side.

A modern manor-house, called Frankensberg, is built on the old foundations of his castle. The lake, though hardly larger than a mill-pond, is beautifully still and clear and deep. They say the magic ring yet lies where Turpin cast it, buried in the lake's unruffled depths. I saw the spot in the early spring time, and can well excuse my good old author's rapture when the professor exclaims in rolling long-worded periods, "When the bright spring time gladdens all the land, and trees are green with tender leaves, and meadows gay with flowers; when nightingales warble in the budding woods around, then let the weary wanderer seek this spell-haunted spot, and let him, like Imperial Charlemagne, suffer the balm of God's own lovely nature to soothe this life's gnawing cares."

Combs.

A very remote antiquity is claimed for the comb, which is of Egyptian origin. At first it was made of wood and ivory, but it was used for adjusting rather than for fastening the hair—a pin or bodkin being employed for the latter purpose. The Greeks and Romans, who dressed their hair with great care, used combs of box-wood, iron and bronze; the precious metals were also required in their manufacture, as we may infer from the golden ones ascribed to their goddesses; but in no instance do we find either shell or horn ones mentioned in the classics. The use of the comb in cutting the hair is referred to by Plautus, (B. C. 184.) From specimens found at Pompeii, it is evident that combs, with teeth on both sides, (exactly similar to our small-tooth combs,) were in use at a very early period. The comb of the middle ages exhibits much curious elaboration, with but little improvement in utility. At a later period gold and silver were extensively employed in their manufacture, and pearls were also added. The comb was thus made an elegant part of the *coiffure*. It was much used in public, for in Killigrew's play of the "Parson's Wedding, (A. D. 1663,) among the stage directions for a group of gallants, we find "they *comb* their hair and talk"—a practice that continued till the reign of Queen Anne. In further illustration, we quote from Dryden's "Almanzor:"

"But as when a vizard mask appears in a pit,
Straight every man who thinks himself a wit,
Perks up; and, managing his *comb* with grace,
With his white wig, sets off his nut-brown face."

Combing the peruke, at the time when men of fashion wore large wigs, was, even in the public places, an act of gallantry. In modern days the comb reached its most costly and ornamental state at the court of Louis the Fourteenth. Richly inlaid with diamonds and other precious stones, it then formed an essential adjunct for the toilet of court beauties. Canova and other modern sculptors have introduced the comb with fine effect, as a part of feminine costume in statuary. India-rubber combs, now so extensively used, are manufactured by pressing the caoutchouc in moulds to the required form, and afterwards vulcanizing it, or combining it with sulphur, by which means it attains great hardness. The largest shell and horn factory in the world has been for years at Aberdeen, in Scotland.

The Foundling Hospital of Paris.

As we entered it, there was the subdued babble of children of various ages, down to the little thing that could just totter alone. The invalids, who were ordered not to rise, were lying on iron beds placed in rows against the walls, with tickets over the head of each bed, describing the case or treatment of the sufferer. In the centre of the room were groups of little children, all dressed in blue, interspersed with sisters and nurses, who were chatting to them, or patting their cheeks, or attending to their wants. One sister was laughingly teaching a little girl, apparently about two years old, to pronounce two or three difficult words. The child bungled, and the sister tried again; and then the two laughed together. These were the convalescents, and were about to be sent to their proper sections in the new buildings. Opposite this sick ward was the surgical ward. It was arranged like that which I have just described, but it was a most distressing place to to be in. Nearly every child in it appeared to be suffering acute pain, and the crying was one incessant chorus, that smote to the heart. It was pitched in every key. There was the sharp, short cry of intense pain, and the moaning sob of the dull even ache. I noticed only one child that seemed to be at peace. She was a little girl with a bright and happy face, a little wearied by sickness, with her toys lying idle upon the bed, under her thin white hands. From this surgical ward my attendant conducted me down the corridor to the weaning department. It was a room much smaller than those I had hitherto entered, and was inhabited by a set of babies who appeared to object most decidedly to the process they were undergoing. A sister, with a baby in her arms, advanced to meet us. It was curious to remark how tender she was with the sick child she held in her arms, and yet how business-like and hard in her manner when she spoke of its death as certain. She lifted its hand and showed it to me and the attendant, and then went rapidly through the fatal symptoms of her charge. I could see that this sister was a most kindly and gentle creature, and that what appeared hardness was only long custom. Death, to her, was an every-day visitor, whose presence was not more startling than the rising sun.—*Jerrold's Children of Lutitia.*

A Good Word for Lazy Folks.

It is said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam engine termed head gear, by which its valves or cocks are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy named Humphrey Potter, who being employed to story and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug to some part of the machine which came to the place at the proper time, in consequence of the general movement. If this anecdote be true, what does it prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very idle, but that he was, at the same time, very ingenious. It was a contrivance, not the result of accident but of observation and successful experiment.

We would add a word of testimony in favor of lazy folks. The cast iron plough, that has made us the greatest agricultural nation on earth, was the invention of a bar-room loafer. He used to sit all day by the fire, carving curious things out of potatoes with his knife. One day he manufactured a model of a mould board, that attracted the attention of a manufacturer who thought an iron machine might be made that would answer a better purpose than the old fashioned wooden contrivance. The result of this potato whittling was the iron and steel plough. Shoes formerly were all sewed but the heels. One Saturday a lazy apprentice had a pair to finish before he could go home. To save time he pegged the whole sole on, and they were longer than if they had been sewed. After this more heavy boots were pegged than sewed.

THE RAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

There is something in the strain
Played by the descending rain,
Some sad sound
As it drips upon the ground,
That again, alas! again,
(Ah me! I thought them fled
Unto the dust dead,)
Calls up deep buried memories of pain.

Falling still, drop, drop,
As it nevermore would stop,
From the weeping eyes of the clouds
Weeps the rain;
From that dark and awful shroud,
In whose breast tempestuous things
Hide and fold their dreadful wings,
Mute, like muzzled sufferings
In the lein.

It strideth downward from the sky,
On feet of mist it runneth by,
Upon my heart I feel its tread
Start from their low, deep graves the dead,
Buried fancies that of yore
Rich imagination bore,
Love hopes that died as all
Fairest things untimely fall—
Phantoms vague, they come and go,
With eyes turned backward full of woe,
While sad Fancy sits in folly
Nursing pensive melancholy
Till, lost in mournful musing, her blue eyes
Weep with the skies.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"THEO! FORGIVE ME!"

Confidential intercourse between Harold Ffrench and Theo Leigh was of less frequent occurrence at this date than it had been a few days previously; for May, as I have said, had come in, and with it the necessity for a reorganization of Theo's wardrobe before she could be pronounced ready to go to London. It rather shaded over the vivid charm Houghton had possessed for him before this exigency arose—but there was no help for it. Theo was very deeply and naturally interested in the fit and make of her new dresses—interested to the point of working upon them herself. The fact was that Miss Leigh was anxious to appear in his eyes better adorned, but that he did not know. Consequently he detested the new dresses, and began to find Houghton dull.

But despite this temporary check to solitary intercourse he lingered on in the place still, and sedulously stifled the conviction that it would be well for him to go. He had come upon this oasis in the desert of his life by accident; he would just for a while tent upon it, and then before he had brushed the bloom off its verdure drift on and be forgotten by her.

"I should be a brute to try and make the girl love me," he would say. The saying this seemed to relieve his conscience, and to be regarded by him as an all-sufficient precaution. For after saying it in the solitude of his chamber at the Bull, he would go up and sit by Theo's side and suffer the girl to see that she had won his affections; which was not the wisest course to pursue, if he really wished to avoid the other catastrophe—that, namely, of winning her to love him.

He was assisting largely in the pavement of a certain place at this juncture. Daily he made the good resolution to go and be forgotten by, even if he could not forget this girl;—daily he suffered this good resolution to die away unaccomplished. The middle of day was upon them, and he was at Houghton still.

He had been sitting for an hour or two one morning up in the Leighs' garden near to the open window by which Mrs. Leigh and Theo sat working,—sitting there idly, watching the girl and dreaming of bygone days, and events that had occurred in them. Idly dreaming, and even more idly wishing that those days might be lived over again—when he would have acted differently, ah! how differently.

"Can you put that fine city out of your mind for an hour this evening, and take a walk with me, Theo?" he asked, when divers signs made it manifest to him that the Leighs' dinner hour was approaching.

Theo was prompt with her answer that she "would gladly."

"What the deuce did I ask her to go for?" he asked himself as he walked down to the Bull. "What can I say that will be pleasant for her to hear, that I hadn't better leave unsaid?"

But still, though he thus questioned himself, he held to his resolve to take that walk with Theo—and to say what should be pleasant to her during it.

There was the unwonted presence of a well built little pony-phaeton in the inn yard, but he did not regard it much—he was thinking of other things than that which caused no small excitement to the usual knot of village idlers lounging round. But he was roused from his meditations about these other things by the landlord coming to meet him with the information that "a lady was a' waitin' for him in the parlor," and by the sight of his cousin Kate Galton's boy in button's, the smart and invariable appendage to her pony-carriage.

"Hallos, Mrs. Galton!—my dear Kate, I am very sorry that you should have had to wait here alone for me," he said as he entered the room where Kate sat on a hard sofa, poking holes in a soft, slightly decayed carpet, with her parasol.

"Never mind—as you have come in at last," she replied. There was a good deal of grace in the welcoming gesture she made and a good deal of affection in the tone she adopted."

"I didn't expect you, you see, Kate, after your note; if I had dreamt of your coming I should have taken the precaution of leaving word where I was going when I went out, in order that I might have been sent for if you came."

"Could you have been sent for? I thought you were mud-larking."

"Not exactly—I was up at the Leighs'."

"I have come to call on your friends, Harold. I refused to come at first on account of the distance solely; but when John said I had better come over and look you up, and persuade you to come back to Haversham, I made up my mind to call on them as well."

"Your husband's very good, and so are you," and then he got up and rang the bell, and asked what she could eat and what they could have for luncheon? Then, on the cessation of the small fuss he himself had made, he continued—

"Very good indeed, Kate, to come over in this way. I wanted to introduce you to them, because Leigh takes his daughter to town soon, and I thought if you were there at the same time you might give her a good deal of pleasure she wouldn't otherwise get, and secure a very agreeable companion for yourself."

"Thank you; I don't find the society of my own Katy so enthralling but what I can dispense with it in London."

"Katy! Katy's a child."

"You called your friend's daughter 'a little girl' in your note, Harold," she said, with a quiet little smile of malicious satisfaction overspreading her face as she spoke. Kate delighted in finding every one out, even Harold Ffrench.

"Ah, well, so she is a little girl to an old buffer like myself; we'll go up there after we have had some luncheon, and then you'll see Theo for yourself. How gets on the painting?"

"Not at all well; it won't come right at all. You must come back with me, Harold, and set me going again."

"I can't go back with you to-day."

"Why not?" she asked, impatiently; she had set her mind on taking him back in triumph, and she could ill bear to be baulked. "Why not?"

"It would be hard on the pony."

"If it's only on the pony that it would be hard, your leaving Houghton so suddenly, banish all scruple. Fidget is so full of corn, little beast, that he wants 'a deal taken out of him,' as John says; it won't be a bit too much for the pony."

"But it will be too much for me, to make up my mind and pack and be off in such away; can't do it, Kate. But I'll be at your service to-morrow in the studio; will that content you?"

"It must perforce," she answered, rightly continuing the quotation. But though she spoke lightly, her prophetic soul told her that this "little girl," of whom Harold Ffrench had made such cool mention, had far more to do with his unwillingness to leave Houghton than had the presence in it of "the man whom he had known in Greece."

"Delectable place your village seems," she said, with a sneer, when they were walking up to the Leighs' after luncheon.

"I thought you'd like it," he replied, carelessly. "The whole of it has turned out in admiration of you and your blue bonnet."

"Does Miss Theo Leigh run about without one, then?"

"Oh, no, but hers is of a different order of architecture altogether."

"The cottage, I suppose. Well, Harold, I shall not think much of your consideration for my pleasure, if you have lured me on to calling on a rustic who'll grab at the chance of saddling me with her country bumpkin ideas in London."

He laughed.

"You're not likely to admire her, Kate, but I don't think she'll strike you as a country bumpkin."

"Why am not I likely to admire her if she's admirable? Do you?"

'Do you ever admire any other woman than Mrs. John Galton? *I* admire her, do you ask? I have given up such things, Kate, or I ought to have given them up. Here we are."

Theo was not a country bumpkin; Mrs. Galton was fain to confess that she was not, as Miss Leigh met half way the kindly courtesy that none knew better than Kate how to evince. She was not a country bumpkin, but she was something else quite as ruffling to Mrs. Galton's feelings;—keenly alive to Harold Ffrench's merit, and most flatteringly unable to resist making it clear to the eye of the beholder that she was what she seemed to be.

Her good looks, or rather that same charm which was commented upon a few chapters ago, did not occur very vividly to Kate Galton. She saw in Theo Leigh, a nice lady-like girl enough, nothing more. Lady-like, but unformed in manner, the fascinating Mrs. Galton declared to herself, "too small to be fine, and too dark to be pretty." A very feeble rival, as far as Harold Ffrench was concerned.

For still—married woman, blameless matron, wary wife as she was—she could but think of possible rivalship in connection with any other woman whom Harold knew and liked. His heart in the depths of her own she acknowledged that she had never touched. But his fancy had owned her its cherished queen once, and she desired that it should do so again.

Despite this desire though, she contrived to make herself very agreeable to the Leighs, and especially to Theo, and this as much from the force of that good breeding which was second nature to her, as from the deceit that was second nature also. Theo delighted in her, in her softly spoken words and graceful manners, and the refinement of her fair, expressive face, and the elegance and general becomingness of her dress. Mrs. Galton strove to please the girl, as she did to please every one with whom she came in contact for a time. She succeeded. Theo, always enthusiastic, was not only pleased but charmed.

"Kate had "a way with her," undoubtedly a way that few had ever withstood, at first. She had that sort of insight into character which enables one to detect the most easily worked upon of people's idiosyncracies, and when she detected one she worked it cleverly while it suited her: flattered the vanity of the vain and the folly of the fool, and was deferential to the wisdom of those who were wise in their own conceit: gave her pretty sparkling dress freely, in fact, for a while, in exchange for that special form of it without a profusion of which life would have been odious to her—namely, admiration, real or affected.

She did not make any overtures of an introduction to Haversham and the picture, but that, as Harold Ffrench told Theo afterwards, "was because she takes it so thoroughly for granted that you'll call," but she said several sentences expressive of a wish to see Miss Leigh when they should both be in London together. Theo felt well disposed towards the prospect which savored of future intimate intercourse with Harold Ffrench's cousin.

"She's a charming woman. So kind of her to say she hopes to have Theo with her a great deal in town; and how affectionately she spoke of her own little girl," Mrs. Leigh observed to her husband when the visit was over, and Theo had walked out to the gate with the visitors.

"I don't like the woman," Mr. Leigh replied shortly.

"Not like her! I can't think how you can say so; she has the sweetest manner."

"Beastly sweet, I thought. No, I don't like her, and I don't want Theo to see much of her in London."

"She'll be a most desirable acquaintance for Theo, and after her kindness in coming all this distance to call on us, we can't do otherwise than be friendly with her."

"You don't suppose that she came to call on you?"

"*Mr.* Leigh!"

"Why she came after Ffrench, to be sure," Mr. Leigh said, laughing. "She came after Ffrench as sure as there's a nose on my face. I can't bear the woman with her smirks, and her leers, and her mincing way of speaking."

As he concluded his denunciation Theo rushed in again, animated, brilliant, happy.

"Isn't she charming? I like her so much. And isn't it kind, papa, to say she'll be civil to me in London, where I don't know anybody, you know."

"I dare say she's all very well," Mr. Leigh replied. He was more reserved in his expression of opinion on the subject of women before his daughter than before his wife, naturally. It was only at second-hand that Theo came to a knowledge of his sentiments. "I dare say she's all very well as to her promises of being civil in town. She'll most likely not keep them, so I would advise you not to count on them."

"Oh, papa, that's horribly suspicious; 'have faith in one another,' as Arthur Manby sings. I shall count on her keeping her promises, of course I shall. How did you like her, mamma?"

"Very much, indeed.

"So did I. And her dress—did you notice her dress? It hadn't half such a deep point as Miss Watson *would* cut those of mine; but there's time to save the silk still; it shall have quite a little point, like hers." Then Theo left the room, still excited, brilliant, and happy, to see about her new silk at once.

"'Like hers,'" her father muttered, as Theo vanished. "There she goes, the same impetuous child she always was. I wonder she isn't calling Mrs. Galton by her Christian name already, as if they had been friends from the cradle; the child takes too strong fancies."

"Ah, my dear, don't forget that she's young," the mother cried; she could not bear that her darling should be censured even by implication. "She's so young, and she sees so few people besides ourselves; it's dull for her, you know, and this promises such a change."

Such a change! Poor Theo!

He came in the evening to call Theo for that walk he had asked her to take in the morning, and there was a something that was different in his manner to what it had been hitherto; something that she could feel, but could not see or define, and the feeling saddened her.

The something had been the work of a woman.

"What do you think of the little rustic—eh, Kate?" he had asked of his cousin, when they had parted with Theo at the gate.

"Oh, she's all very well."

"That's wonderful praise from your lips, but it's not of the order to elevate the article spoken about."

"I can't rhapsodise about another woman, Harold. I think her all very well, very nice if you like, and I say so; I'll tell you what else I think about her if you like to hear it."

"Don't I like to hear everything you say?" he asked, with the usual air of gallantry he adopted towards Kate Galton.

"I think, then, that it is a very good thing for Miss Theo Leigh that you have promised to come back to Haversham to-morrow."

"Why?" he asked coldly, but his dark face grew red as he asked it.

"Why? because your friend's daughter has taken one of those likings for her father's friend that are disagreeable and difficult to get over."

"Nonsense, Kate, you forget our respective ages," he began. "She's too young—" but there his cousin interrupted him impatiently.

"Too young! Too young for what, pray? Not too young to love you, Harold, believe me; it's nonsense of you to affect to doubt it. Why, the girl is twenty, if she's a day; and if she were years younger it would be the same. Girls are never too young to have their hearts touched. There's my little Katy already prefers to ride-a-cock-horse-to-Banbury-Cross on her knee to performing the same journey on her papa's."

He laughed, but the color had gone from his face, leaving him very pale now. "Katy is an ungrateful little minx, then," he said. "I thought I understood you once that she wasn't at all like her mamma, but it appears as if she, too, had a low appreciation of the legal and recognised. You're wrong about Leigh's daughter though," he added carelessly. "She has heard of me all along as having been a young man with her father. It has never occurred to her that I am in reality very much his junior. However, it don't matter. I shall be back to help you with the painting to-morrow, dear," and then he squeezed Kate's hand, and Kate departed happy.

He spoke no word to Theo that evening until they had strolled the length of the lane and gained the marsh-bank where they first met; then he said:—

"Well, Theo, what did you think of my cousin?"

"I liked her so much," Theo said, warmly.

"I'm glad of that, I hope you'll continue to do so; Kate's very nice and kind where she takes a fancy, and I think she has taken one to you. I shall often think of you enjoying yourselves together when I'm gone away."

"Gone away?"

There was no doubt about the girl's distress being real as she turned round and faced him; it was so real, so deep, that he wished he had gone away before.

"Gone away," she repeated, "are you going?"

"Yes," he murmured softly, "I ought to have gone before."

The flat marsh-land scene swam before her eyes; she grew dizzy, and the warm May evening air came down and nearly choked her; there was a ball of fire in her throat, a sensation of numbness in her lips, a dull, dull aching at her heart. She could not speak. She could only sit still and suffer.

He ought to have gone before! Yes, he felt that since he must go from her at all, he ought to have gone before this evil, that came from want of thought, not want of heart, was wrought. There was a pain on the girl's pinched temples—pain such as he felt sorry to have caused to one so young and bright as she had been but an hour ago. Pale—a sickening agony that only the young and fresh can feel, it is so vivid and strong.

There was silence between them for some minutes after that last recorded speech of his, silence that was unbroken even by the lightest movement. The girl was fainting in her spirit, and the man was bitterly conscious of the feeling and the cause, and his own inability to satisfactorily assuage the former.

They had placed themselves on the slope of the bank, and away to the west they had a full, free view of the sea and the sun dying upon the water in a fiery glory. A full view of it, but for a while Theo gazed at it with eyes that did not see. Then, the first agony over, the first giddiness past, she blessed the spectacle as a means of conversationally coming round again.

"What glorious color! Don't you wish you could paint a sunset as it is?"

She made an effort to speak in her usual tone, but her voice was a little husky, a little less sure than was usual, and he marked the effort and harshness with such keen sorrow that he could not attend to the sense of what she said. At any cost he felt that the pain that was curdling her young blood in her veins must be assuaged.

"Theo! dear little Theo!"

He put his hand out as he spoke, and gathered both of hers in his grasp. The change was too much for her, the joy that pervaded her soul flooded her face, and made her glow in a way that nearly maddened him. There was such trust in the little hands' quiescence, such faith in what she thought was to follow in the girl's loving look.

"Oh, Theo! don't turn away, darling. "By heaven, I can't stand it," he cried, suddenly releasing her hand and starting to his feet. And when Theo, pale and trembling again, rose also, she felt that that which she had expected was not coming, and her heart swelled with a bitterness of grief.

"We had better go home," he said presently. "Don't look so miserable, my darling. Heaven, what am I saying? Don't hate me, Theo—I must go away—but think of me sometimes—think of me kindly."

"Must you go?"

She stopped short by his side and looked full up into his face as she asked it. He would as soon have thought of telling a falsehood the moment before he knew he was to enter upon eternity as telling a comforting lie to this girl now."

"I must. Theo, forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she said with a strong effort. She had made her appeal, poor child, and it had failed, and now her pride prompted her to show him that the failure could be borne. Her pride and a something softer; there was such misery in the man's eyes, that her generous woman's nature urged her not to increase it by showing him how fully it was shared.

"I must go; better I had never come," he muttered, after a short pause.

"Don't say that; it has been a very pleasant time—to me."

"And to me, too; too pleasant—far too pleasant. You have been the only bright thing my life has known for years, Theo, and I have clouded the brightness."

He bent his gaze upon her as he spoke, and Theo's face quivered under it.

"Oh, Mr. Ffrench, it has been so pleasant; why must it end?"

"Don't call me 'Mr. Ffrench,' for God's sake—call me Harold, and don't ask me why it must end."

"I only meant," she replied proudly, "why must your visit to Houghton end so soon, if you find it pleasant?"

"Theo, dear little Theo, don't reproach me. I know what you mean, I know what you can't help meaning, and I can't—"

He stopped suddenly.

"Can't what?" Theo asked timidly; the hearing might be painful, but she would bear it.

"Can't see you suffer, and can't help your doing so. You'll soon forget me, Theo; I can't hope that you will remember me long. Will you forget me, darling?" he added passionately, in an outburst of tenderness that startled the girl.

"No. Oh, *don't* speak in that way. Oh, *Harold*, you won't go."

They had come home during this conversation, for the things spoken had been spoken at intervals and had taken some time to say. Now they were in the little drawing-room alone, and even the twilight was dying out of the sky. Theo's last plaint went straight to his heart, and his heart governed his head for a brief space.

"Theo!" his arm went round her as he spoke and her head rested upon his breast, and there was such passionate love in the way his hand clasped hers. All the misery and uncertainty of the last hour fled from her mind, and she was deliriously happy. She never doubted what this embrace should result in; she never doubted but that it was the prelude to a never-ending series of the same, on which the world should smile. Very confidingly did she submit to his caresses, very modestly and sweetly did she respond to them. The dream was bright that she dreamt in those moments—bright and pure; and he shrank from the task of awakening her from it, his heart still governing his head in an unaccustomed way.

"Why awaken her from it at all?" he asked himself presently. "Love would be more to her than the world." Thus he thought for a moment or two, and then he did her the justice of repenting him of the thought. Removing her head from his shoulder he bent down and pressed his lips to her forehead, and pleaded for her pardon for the unuttered wrong.

"Theo, forgive me, forgive me?"

"For what?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow. Let me go now," he added, disengaging himself from her, "I can't stand it, Theo."

"Oh, Harold," she cried, passionately, "you try me—you try me. Why not now as well as to-morrow, to-morrow that will be so long in coming?"

"No it won't, poor child, dear little Theo. It will soon come, and you'll listen, and I shall speak better than now. Let me go, darling; don't turn your face away, Theo, there's no harm in it." When he had so said, he departed, leaving Theo in feverish expectation of that morrow which was to make known to her so much.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A writer in the Journal des Debats says he met a gentleman in a railway carriage the other day, and, in the course of conversation, he mentioned that he was a literary man, on which he exclaimed, "Ah, let us fraternise! I, also, am a journalist." I asked him in what paper he wrote, and he replied, "In the 'Railway Time Table.'"

A LITTLE PATIENCE YET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

O bitter WAR! O sweet-voiced PEACE!
Walking through blood and tears!
God's own good time will bring relief
And bless these latter years!

O hearts that flutter at the thought!
O eyes that ache and weep!
Life is with sacrifices fraught—
And death is but a sleep!

O have a little patience yet!
Wrong must succumb to Right!
Liberty's sun can never set,
For God is in the fight!

Speaking but Once.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Two gentlemen were riding together in a hack, the other day, when the name of a young lawyer of good talents and promise was mentioned, upon which the elderly gentleman said:

"That is one of my boys."

"Yes," was the reply, "I have understood so."

The elderly gentleman resumed: "Some twenty years ago, I was visiting my brother in Worcester county, and just as I was about returning home, he said to me: 'Don't you want a boy?' 'Yes,' I said, 'if I can get a good one.' 'Well,' said my brother, 'I've got one, if there ever was one. I've got *a boy that doesn't need speaking to but once.*'

"I took the boy; and after he had been with me three months, attending school, I asked him how he should like to come and live with me. He said he should like it well. I asked him if anyone had any claim upon him—for he was an orphan. He replied 'No.'

"Finding afterward that a gentleman in Worcester county pretending to have such a claim, I told the boy that he had better go and see him, and have it all settled. He went, and matters were all arranged, and he soon returned to live with me.

"One day, at the examination of the school in our district, the committee, who was a clergyman, came to me with the inquiry, 'What I was going to do with that boy?' 'Oh,' said I, 'I suppose he will learn some trade.' 'He oughtn't to do that,' said the committee. 'He'll never be contented. He loves his books too well.'

"These few words set me to thinking, and I finally said to Johnnie: 'Wouldn't you like to fit for college? If you would, I will help you.' Johnnie said he would like it very much, but he had no means, after being fitted, to take him through. 'Well,' said I, 'if you do not wish to study, you had better learn some trade.' Johnnie selected a trade, and I found him a good master in L———, with whom he served his time.

"Finding that he kept at his books at the close of his apprenticeship, I said to his master, 'If you will take hold with me, we will send that boy through college.' My proposition was agreed to. After a year or two in the high school, Johnnie was admitted to college, and in due time, graduated with credit to himself and his friends, and I am not ashamed to call him my boy."

Boys, I have written these few lines so that this fact may not be lost—that at least *one* boy has become an educated, highly respected, and promising young man, because he was known as *a boy who didn't need speaking to but once!* I know this young man well, and I regard him with great esteem. Nor do I believe he will ever be left to disgrace his kind benefactors. Will you not try and be like him?—*Congregationalist.*

A Dramatic Contest.

The public at large take more than ordinary interest in the lives of actors and actresses. Those who wear the sock and buskin make unto themselves friends out of the audiences whose favor makes them famous, by acknowledging their talent. An old playgoer speaks of the performers he has seen and applauded, as if he knew them well and was the personal friend of each. Performers of note have partisans by hundreds, who seldom saw and never spoke with them off the stage. At one time there was, in London, the Siddons fever and the Kean fever, as it was called, as some sixty years there had been a Garrick fever and the Barry fever. That was a memorable contest, on one occasion, when Spranger Barry, one of the handsomest men of the time—tall, well-made, and graceful to boot—played Romeo, at Covent Garden, against David Garrick, under the middle size, who was autocrat of Drury Lane Theatre. The contest continued for twelve nights, by which time the public had quite enough of the lovers of Verona, for one spell. The country folks, visiting London, complained bitterly that one play should keep the stage, for a fortnight, at the two patent and principal theatres, and hence some wit wrote this epigram:—

"'Well, what's to-night?' says angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses;
'Romeo again?' he shakes his head;
'A plague on both your houses!'"

Fair Miss Bellamy played Juliet to Garrick, and Mrs. Cibber played the same character with Barry. Dr. Doran says, "There is no doubt that Mrs. Cibber had the handsomer, silver-tongued, and tender lover. She seemed to listen to him in a sort of modest ecstacy; while Miss Bellamy, eager love in her eyes, rapture in her heart, and amorous impatience in every expression, was ready to fling herself into Romeo's arms. In Barry's Romeo the critics laud his harmony of feature, his melting eyes, and his unequalled plaintiveness of voice." As for the rival Juliets, it is said that Bellamy was more tender and natural, while Cibber was grander and more tragic. But the contest was between the two Romeos. A lady, who did not pretend to be a critic, but had common sense, and was guided by her feelings, seems to have ably distinguished between them. "Had I been a Juliet?" she said "to Garrick's Romeo, so ardent and impassioned was he, I should have expected that he would have *come up* to me in the balcony; but had I been Juliet to Barry's Romeo, so tender, so eloquent and so seductive was he, I should certainly have *gone down* to him."

☞ The Biddeford Journal tells a good story of Deacon H., who worked all day at the September election, bringing voters up to the polls, but forgot to vote himself.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S WALKS

In the South of France.

My Dear ——:—

You ask me to tell you something about the condition of the peasants in the south of France. I gave a good deal of attention to them during my residence there last winter, but I have never drawn up any systematic account of what I observed. The following scenes are copied from the diary I kept on the spot. The first extract relates to a walk I took in what is called the Paradise of Argeles.

I asked a peasant woman I saw at one of the best houses, to let me go into her house, and she took me up stairs into her bed-room. It was a good large room, with two windows, both as wide as bed-room windows in England usually are in a gentleman's house, and both wide open. Fortunately the French peasants are particular in ventilating their houses. Doors and windows generally stand wide open all day, or the consequences of their filthy habits would be terrible. The room was as dirty as I expected to see it, and strewn with cobs of the maize, drying; but the beds were good, and the coarse, homespun sheets—for the beds were still unmade—perfectly clean.

I saw most of the house, and sat some half hour to rest myself and have a gossip with the mistress, whose heart I won by admiring a fat, chubby, bright-eyed baby, who lay wide awake in his cradle, the only thing there was to admire in the whole establishment; and as I talked I looked about me.

The floor was several inches thick with dust, and made of a sort of composition that looks like stone, with which I have seen cottages floored in England. In one corner lay faggots of wood, not for immediate use, but at least a week's provision. A pot was boiling over a smoky fire, and a very dirty, barefooted old woman was raking the embers together and blowing them by her breath into a dull flame.

"It is my mother," said my hostess, whose tanned skin and filthy dress were worthy of such a mother.

"And does she always go barefooted?" I asked.

"No, not in winter; but it is hot weather now."

N. B.—All the peasants seem to think it necessary for their health to go barefoot part of the year, though the men are invariably well shod with shoes, boots, or *sabots*, (wooden shoes.)

"Is this farmhouse your own, madame?"

"Oh, yes, it is our own; and we have several fields also. We are *proprietaires* (landowners)."

So, I understand, are the greater part of the miserable-looking men and women I meet; and I suppose five hundred years hence their descendants will look equally dirty and miserable. It seems necessary for man to have something to look up to; some higher standard of refinement and intelligence than his own, or that of his own immediate circle. I never knew the infinite value, the moral use of our English nobility and gentry in setting an example of order, cleanliness, and intelligent management of their lands and households, till I saw the Pyrenean peasants. Argeles is an Arcadia of beauty and fertility; but, alas! for the Arcadians. When one sees the girls haggard and wrinkled, for want of bonnets or hats to shade them eyes from the sun, exposure to which makes them contract a perpetual frown before they are women; the women tanned till their skins resemble York-tan leather, and old at thirty; the number of females who are blear-eyed, or suffering from goitres, or worn out before their time; the cretins—the many maimed and deformed children, from bad nursing and accident, arising from having been left alone while their parents were at work in the fields; and the filthy homes, where dogs, and pigs, and fowls run about as they like over the never-washed floors; the miserable dwellings, some of which have no windows, but merely shutters, while others are almost dark, having little light but what comes through the open doors, and contrast these filthy homes and people with the clean, bright-faced wife and rosy children of the Yorkshire laborer, one cannot but feel these people would have far more real comforts if the land belonged to intelligent, kind landlords, able to cultivate it properly, and who would take care that the cottages on their estates were well built, well ventilated, well drained, and fit abodes for human beings, instead of tumbledown pigsties, and whose example would civilize and stimulate the people to attain habits of cleanliness and decency. There is another cause of the coarse, hard look of the women; it is the demoralization consequent upon the custom of girls working in the fields with men. Their roughened voices, their coarse language and behavior, all bear witness to its frightful effects on their character. The Pyrenean men make wretched husbands—drink and abuse their wives. The women also drink as their own songs aver; and young women invite the young men to drink and pay for them. The blessedness of home is unknown. The tired peasant returns to a filthy home, where smoulders a piece of charcoal covered by ashes. No pleasant, cheerful meal awaits him. His children have cried themselves to sleep in a corner; or perhaps one of them has burnt her arm off. How can it be otherwise? The wife and the eldest girls have followed his plough all day. The weary, footsore, hardworked set get a little bread and curdled milk (a chief article of diet in peasant life,) and some fruit or chestnuts, and retire to rest unwashed, in company with their dirty animals.

As I went back to Argeles, I passed *one clean cottage!*—the only one I have seen in this part of France. Yet the owner had more to struggle against than most of those around. She had only been confined three weeks before, and was in bad health. She was standing at the door as I passed, and, on my asking a question, invited me to go in; and I sat down, and had a chat with her. She was not a native of Argeles, and seemed as much horrified at the dirt around her as myself.

From Argeles I went on to Canterets, at no great distance from which I passed the winter.

Once I walked as far as the Col du Limacon. I met two girls on asses, who begged importunately; indeed, as a rule, all the children, and most of the women in the Pyrenees, beg. "*Donnez-moi un petit sou*" (give me a halfpenny,) is the certain salutation whenever you pass a group of people or meet a solitary wayfarer. They seem to think travellers, English especially, are walking money-bags, come to the Pyrenees to thin themselves and to obtain beautiful figures by scattering showers of gold, silver, and pence, on everybody they meet with. These girls were well dressed for their rank in life; mounted on good donkeys, and yet not ashamed to beg. Next I met a poor woman holding a handful of peeled osiers, got into a talk with her, and finally accompanied her to cut fresh ones. She dared not take any in the fields which belonged to private owners, but thought it no harm to take them from Government lands on the waste grounds bordering parts of the river Gave. She asked if I was married. "No, I was not." "*Ah! madame, vous etes bien heureuse d'etre seule,*" (ah, madam, you are very fortunate to be alone.) I told her I did not find solitude so agreeable. We talked of the condition of women in the south of France. She said they were very miserable: worked to death in the fields. "*Les hommes le voulaient* (the men would have it so;) and, if they did not work, they were *abattis de coups de baton* (beaten down with blows.) Men never thought women worked enough. Her husband did not drink, but scolded her for ever—work as hard as she could; and she always worked hard—so hard!" Both husband and wife were basketmakers. She had taught him the trade. She earned a franc a day.

The French need not, as they often do, reproach the English with beating their wives. This is the second French wife who has told me how *customary* wife-beating is in France. The basket-woman did not say her husband beat her, but it was clear he did. Poor woman! she looked hollow-eyed and sad enough. I never saw any one who seemed more utterly broken down. She had lived, she said, twelve years as nursemaid with an English family at Pau; and she sighed heavily, and paused, as if looking back. Those were happy days. Then she married, and *he* was ten years younger than she was. "Ah!" said I, "there it is. It should have been ten years the other way."

A few days afterwards I remonstrated, as I was leaving home for a long walk, on the dirty state of my sitting-room floor. My landlady promised that it should be cleaned by the time I returned.

When I got home, I found my host on his knees scrubbing the floor, not with soap and water and a brush, but sawdust put on with a cloth, which the Pyreneans use instead; and his pretty little wife, in her trim gown and smart, coquettishly-adjusted kerchief, standing by admiring his work, and doing nothing. What a model husband! Fancy any Englishman scouring a floor while his wife stands idly by! Monsieur and madame both immediately called upon me to admire how clean it was, declaring it had taken *four hours to do*, which I can readily believe, since it took at least twenty minutes to finish the little bit that remained undone when I returned. I must say the sawdust answers the purpose as effectually as soap, only that as time is money everywhere—except in the Pyrenees, and it takes four hours to scour a room in this manner, which any English maid would scour in half an hour—I see no true economy in it. It gives the boards, moreover, a yellowish tint, instead of whitening them. But the Pyreneans, especially the Pyrenean peasants, would do anything rather than spend a sou they can avoid spending. To save a liard* they waste time in which they might earn francs; or let things fall to pieces for want of a few nails, a little mortar, or thatch. It is a known fact, and related as such by French writers, that the cattle frequently die of infectious diseases, because their owners will not go to the expense of having their sheds cleaned out or whitewashed.

One more extract, and I have done, for to-day at least.

Seeing a white farmhouse gleaming among fields and orchards, I made towards it, hoping to get some milk. I never saw a place that looked more peaceful and lovelier than it was—nestled under apple, and plum, and peach-trees, with vines trailing up the stems of some of the oldest trees, and looking down on the lovely valley of Argeles. Behind, white mountains closed in the view at either end. Outside it looked the picture of domestic cleanliness and comfort; but when I entered, the floor was earth, colored; in fact, a tolerable coating of earth and mud had been brought and laid upon it by the united trampling of men, women, children, dogs, cats, fowls, lambs, and most probably pigs also, for I heard a Pyrenean gentleman say that all these animals were usually allowed to run about the peasant's cottages. Upon this dirty floor some bonny, blue-dyed, flaxen-haired children, English in the type of their countenance, were playing. A good-natured, but miserably dirty-looking dwarf, with a dirty handkerchief on her head, was rocking a dirty child lying in a cradle, whose quilt and blankets looked as if they had never been washed, and the fowls were amusing themselves where they liked. My entrance scared them. One perched on the cradle head, two flew on to the dresser, and some took refuge on the two beds which stood at seperate corners of the room. "Oh, look at the fowls!" exclaimed I. "*Oh, ce n'est rien;*" (it's nothing at all!) was the inevitable reply. It always is in the Pyrenees. If you complain of—well, it must out—*fleas*, "*Ce n'est rien.*" If there is anything dirty or untidy about your apartment, "it is nothing." I verily believe that if a cow walked *into the room*, it would still be "*rien.*" I told the little dwarf I was thirsty, and longing for milk, and she instantly jumped up with the ready kindness and politeness which, I must say, honorably distinguishes the Pyrenean peasant, and climbed on a chair to get me a glass from the closet. I followed to help her, seeing she was not tall enough to reach them. What glasses they were! I should not think they had ever been washed since they were glasses. The dwarf held out a dirty hand to take the one I had reached, and said she would wash it in the pail of water or the sink hard by. I asked to be allowed to wash it myself, well-knowing that *I* could not drink out of the glass *she* would think clean. And I rinsed it round several times, rubbing the dirt off with my fingers, before it was usable. I trembled for the milk. However, she led the way out of the house to a sort of cupboard placed across a little rill of running water, that trickles from the hillside above, and opening the door with a key, showed a clean, actually *a really clean pan*, full of milk, on which stood a thick rich cream. I dipped my glass in again and again, for I meant to pay for my milk, and to have my money's worth; and I had now been walking three hours in a broiling sun. And then I thanked her, and tendered payment; but no, she would take nothing. I was welcome to the milk. Would I have more? Madame was *heartily* welcome to it. I thanked her, and again begged to pay, and again was refused with a pleasant smile. Can one help liking a people like this, with all their dirt?

* A liard is less than a farthing

☞ Trees influence a poetical mind more in winter than in summer, because at the former period there is, of course, more "rime" about them.

Earthly Joys.

What are the joys of earth? There are some, of course, or people would not so frequently talk about them; but I don't know where to look for them. Perhaps they are to be found in the place where wisdom is said to be concealed, according to a couplet I learnt at school, the which couplet was couched in the following elegant terms:—

Oh! where shall wisdom be found?
Hid in a gallipot under the ground.

I am not aware upon what authority so extraordinary an abode is attributed to wisdom, but it seems to me not improbable that earthly joys are to be sought for somewhere in the neighborhood of wisdom's habitation, for I have not been able to discover them above ground. Whatever I have the misfortune to like is sure to be improper, or else I can't afford it, or I haven't leisure to go after it, or some energetic fellow-creature (really one's fellow-creatures seem to be always in one's way) gets it before me, just as somebody always forestalled the poor cripple at the pool of Bethesda; or something takes place whereby my beautiful fruit is turned to ashes in my mouth.

Let us grumble—it's very nice, and it's very cheap; it isn't a joy though—I'm not going to allow that; it's about as much a joy as the satisfaction Job derived from plying his potsherd.

Some people find, or pretend to find, earthly joys in eating and drinking, and marrying, and giving in marriage; others in manly exercises; others in dancing, &c.; others in picnics, &c.; others in "intellectual pursuits." All I can say is, that if I eat as a person should who means to get enjoyment out of his eating, I am haunted during my repast with visions of indigestion, which are in due time realized; so I don't get much joy out of that. If I look for earthly joy in the "flowing bowl," inevitable headaches loom in the distance and damp my spirits. As for marrying and giving in marriage: at the only wedding at which I was ever present, I saw more tears shed than are usually shed by chief mourners at funerals, and if that was what was to be expected on a "joyful occasion," give me a bout of misery. Manly exercises are all very well, but suppose one can't afford, or isn't versed in those for which he has opportunity, and has no opportunity for those in which he is versed, and which he can (by putting off his creditors) afford: what then? He has to go without his joys. With respect to dancing, &c., (which includes theatres,) let them be anathema maranatha, and let picnics, &c., be ditto. And now there remain "intellectual pursuits," about which the less I say the better, for fear I should offend somebody; for of course I ought to think highly of "intellectual pursuits," and perhaps I don't. At any rate, I shall not look for my joys amongst them, for fear of getting into the state of mind of the organ-grinders' persecutors, who, what with their calculating-machine and less scientific, but more popular, beer-machine, appear to have become afflicted with a mania which shuts up their bowels of compassion against "the stranger that is within the gate." I wonder, by the way, whether a Yankee can "calculate" as well as Mr. Babbage's machine; but that has nothing to do with earthly joys, which, as I have before said, appear to me to be hidden somewhere, probably underground, in the gallipot where wisdom is declared to abide. If, then, we cannot hope for earthly joys, let us do what we can to make up for the lack of them; let us grumble, for, as I have before remarked, it is very nice and very cheap. R. B.

☞ The Baldwinsville, N. Y. Gazette, states that on Thanksgiving day, Mrs. Hannah Betts, an old lady of ninety-two summers, had the pleasure of meeting at the table of her son, Mr. Ira Betts, of the town of Van Buren, eighty-seven of her one hundred and sixty descendants. The family consists of seven sons and daughters, whose ages range from seventy-three to fifty-two years—aggregating, with the old lady's seven hundred and two years. The living husbands and wives, eight in number, aggregate four hundred and sixty-seven years, making nineteen persons of the first and second generation aggregate 1,169 years—average 61½ years.

☞ In the town of Saumur, France, there has been a great excitement over a so-called miracle. It was simply a hen that had suddenly acquired the power of laying illustrated eggs. Her last performance in this line, triumphantly exhibited to one thousand persons who congregated in the principle street, was an egg bearing a raised sphere on which a cross, a sun, and a Latin inscription were clearly visible. The attention of the police was at last attracted, and the miraculous hen was put into their charge.

☞ As Price in all his wanderings has not made much use of the spade, it may not be uninteresting to know the bluff old rebel general's opinion of fortifications. At Corinth, Mississippi, in 1862, when Price arrived with his forces,—Beauregard while showing him about the place, asked him, "what do you think of my earthworks?" Unhesitatingly the answer came: "I don't know that I'm a judge,—I never saw any but twice before, and *I took them!*" There was no room for further conversation in that direction.

☞ Spiritualism.—In Paris alone, there are at this moment no less than sixty thousand men who have no other religion or creed than that of *spiritisme*, or as we call it, "spiritualism." There, the belief is as thoroughly organized a system as any sect of the Christian religion. It has its disciples, its priests, its altars, etc., as well as its papers, reviews, publications of all sorts, with editors and booksellers of its own.

☞ Every schoolboy reader of history is familiar with Cæsar's celebrated dispatch, after encountering and defeating the Gauls—"Veni, vidi, vici"—"I came, I saw, I conquered." Rivalling this in brevity is the account of one of our "loyal" Africans, who was in a late guerilla affair in Tennessee. Said he, "We fit 'em, and whopt 'em, and kotch ten of 'em."

☞ "Tom Thumb" and his family have at last gone to Paris. The general became disgusted on account of the public exhibition in England of a new fat boy—a little chap only ten years old, and already nearly five feet high, and weighing about two hundred and sixty pounds.

☞ At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed: "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: "The gentlemen—the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man didn't stop to hear any more.

Christmas Decorations.—The old and pleasant custom of decorating our houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens, is derived from ancient heathen practices. Canonicals of the church forbade Christians to deck their houses with bay leaves and green boughs at the same time with the Pagans: but this was after the church had permitted such doings in order to accommodate its ceremonies to the old mythology. But in England this custom has an ancient origin, independent of that alluded to; for it is known that the Druids decked their houses with evergreens in December. The mistletoe was formerly introduced with the evergreens into some of the churches of England, the origin of which Dr. Stukeley derives from the Druids.

☞ The highest legal tribunal of Scotland not long since decided that, according to the Scotch law of marriage, *consent* is the essence of the contract, and is sufficient to constitute marriage without any ceremony or publication, or even without the parties living together; that if the parties seriously and actually *consent* to be man and wife, from that time forth they *are* man and wife, in Scotland.

☞ A new material has been tried for hat bodies; it is prepared cork, and is said to be lighter, cheaper, more flexible, and more easy to work than the old materials; and competent judges believe it will revolutionize the hat trade.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from $10 to 10.50 ₩ 100 lbs. 3400 Hogs at from $15 to 17.50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 7 to 8½c ₩ lb. Cows brought from $30 to 70 ₩ head.

BOUNTY,
PRIZE MONEY,
PENSIONS.

We advise persons having such claims against the Government to call on or address E. T. Mathews & Co., No. 848 Walnut St., Philadelphia. No charge unless claim is collected. Correspondence promptly answered.

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. Hasse's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $2; two, $3; twelve, $24. dec3-6teow

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Coughs.—The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of a *lozenge*, is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a Cough Remedy. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" or Cough Lozenges allay irritation, which induces coughing, giving instant relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.

Ladies' and Children's Hats.—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

What an amount of suffering and disease among the volunteers would be prevented by the free use of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Sores and Scurvy, the Ointment is a certain cure for Bowel Complaints, Fevers, Small-Pox, &c., the Pills are the best medicine in the world. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many persons will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Gentlemen's Hats.—All the latest styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Cox's Tonic Elixir is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, Samuel C. Hart, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oc22-12t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Chas. W. Dennison, William S. Burgess to Mary E., daughter of Wm B. Mann, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Alexander Reed to Miss Jennie Snyder, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. John F. Smith to Miss Carrie H., daughter of Thos. E. Brooks, both of this city.

On the 22d of Oct., by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. John Sutton to Miss Mary L. Smith, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. Robert Ebner to Miss Lizzie Youard, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In New York, on the 20th instant, Robert W. Coleman, Esq., of Cornwall, Lebanon county, Pa.

At "Northwood," near Milestown, on the 16th instant, Jane H. Mercer, relict of John Mercer, in her 79th year.

On the 19th instant, Alice, wife of Adam Southern, in her 75th year.

On the 18th instant, Mr. Nicholas Grear, in his 47th year.

On the 18th instant, William H. Camp, in his 35th year.

On the 17th instant, Mary Johnson, in her 98th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Catharine Grabhart, in her 77th year.

EYRE & LANDELL HAVE REDUCED some expensive GOODS for Christmas Presents of intrinsic value.

EYRE & LANDELL have opened some splendid melodeon and piano covers for valuable Christmas Gifts.

EYRE & LANDELL have marked down some magnificent Suks and Expensive Shawls, Scarfs, DeLaines and Prints for Christmas. mar12-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 Cents. Three for $1.00. Address F. F. BOWEN, dec 17-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass

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PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,

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Invite attention to their Improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.

Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.

☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

LUNGS.—Dr. O. Phelps Brown has lately published a Treatise on Consumption, Bronchitis, LUNGS.—Asthma and General Debility, of 48 co—tavo pages, beautifully illustrated with Colored LUNGS.—Plates, containing a prescription for the —positive and speedy cure of Fits and Dyspep-LUNGS.—sia. This work will be sent free to all —on receipt of five cents, to prepay postage. LUNGS.—Address, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, No. 19 —Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. dec31-1t

A WATCH FREE,

And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* Prize Portfolios. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out.* Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, Prizes, *&c.* Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold* or *Silver* Watch presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*
nov5-13t

$125 A MONTH.—WANTED:—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Sixteen Dollar Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. Salary and expenses, or large commissions allowed. *All* other Machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user *liable*. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

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A Real Pain Extractor.

It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals

OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,

&c., &c., as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a box. By mail 12 cents extra. Sold by J. P. DINSMORE, 491 Broadway, New York, And by all Druggists. oct15-3m

OLD EYES MADE NEW.

A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., oct8-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

Wonderful! Strange!—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills dec24-2t

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address Drs. BABCOCK & TOBIN, oc8-3m 27 BOND Street, New York.

WONDERFUL CHANGES

have occurred in this country during the last three or four years, but none more wonderful than the

REVOLUTIONS IN COLOR,

produced among the *Heads of the People*, by

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

The history of the success of great discoveries affords no parallel to the triumphs over competition and prejudice, accomplished by this powerful yet harmless vegetable agent, which instantaneously changes any obnoxious color of the hair into a black or brown as magnificent as any that Heaven ever bestowed upon the head of man or woman.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. dec17-2teow

DR. TOBIAS'

VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT.

IN PINT BOTTLES, PRICE FIFTY CENTS.
340 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

Dr. Tobias: Dear Sir—I have been in the livery business for the last twenty years, and during that time have used all the various liniments and lotions of the day, but never have found an article equal to your Venetian Horse Liniment. I have fairly tested it on my horses in distemper, sprains, cuts, colks, swellings of the glands, &c., as also for rheumatism on myself, and have always found it an invaluable remedy. Respectfully yours, U. LITCHFIELD.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. dec17-2teow

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.—Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time The Means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. dec10-13t

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment required in advance.

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D. APPLETON & CO.,
Nos. 443 and 445 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Publish this day
COUSIN ALICE:
A MEMOIR OF ALICE B. HAVEN.
A Vol. 12mo., with Portrait.

"It was due that such a life as hers who is the subject of this biography should be written, however briefly or imperfectly, for in the judgment of those who saw merely its spiritual radiance, as well as of those who lived in its life-giving atmosphere, it was a life filled with temptations and trials which wrought in her a singular humanity; of afflictions and difficulties converted by a deep religious chemistry into Christ-like graces; of weakness and imperfections transmuted into spiritual sympathy and power. It was a life which none who saw it as it was lived, and none to whom these pages shall convey any just conception of it, would willingly let die."—*Extract from Preface.*

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SPRING SESSION commences on the 1st Monday of February, 1865. Twenty-five students free. For announcement, address
W. PAINE, M. D.,
Dean of the Faculty, 931 Arch Street,
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A PICTORIAL DOBLE NUMBER.—THE PHRENOLOGICA JOURNAL and LIFE ILLUSTRATED, for January, appears with 32 quarto pages, and a beauful illustrated Cover. It contains Portraits of Tennyson, Stillman, Sheridan, Cobb, Phillips, Susanna Wesley—mother of John—an Indian Chief, Franz Miller, Miss Maggaine, Miss Fury, the Princess of Wales, Florence Nightingale, A Group of Warriors—Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Pizarro, Cromwell, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, Scott, Wellington ad Napoleon, with Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, Physiology, and Psychology. No. 1. Vol 41st. Published at 20 cents a Number, or $2 a year, by Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.
dec31-2t

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All of recent manufacture and importation, appropriate for the Holiday.

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1864. HOLIDAYS. 1865.
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THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

Considered in the light of the Holy Scriptures, the testimony of Reason and Nature, and in various Phenomena of Life and Death.

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The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the style and title of
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Oil, Telegraph and Express Company Stocks made a specialty.
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Plain Table,	$55
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
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Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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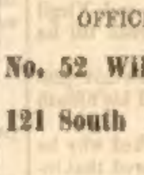

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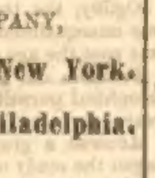

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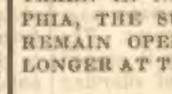
For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly



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EVERY PIANO WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
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RESERVED CAPITAL $250,000.

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This Company has 120 acres of land, in fee, on Allegheny river, immediately opposite Oil City, and adjoining Laytonia, with 110 rods front on the river, and 75 rods front on Lay's Run. Hon. C. P. Ramsdell, editor of the Oil City *Monitor* and agent for this land, assures the Company that it will sell in lots for $100,000, reserving the oil right which is worth $100,000 additional. *Immediate revenue will be derived for the Company from the sale of these lots;* and the Company have two good engines with complete fixtures to operate immediately for oil. The territory in this immediate locality has never failed to produce profitably.

Also, one hundred acres, in fee simple, in the celebrated Cherry Run District immediately adjoining Cherry Run Petroleum Company, whose stock is now worth over $30 per share. The Company now have offers, which will be accepted, for sinking wells on lease, without any cost to the corporation and one-half the proceeds to go to the Company. The Curtis and St. Nicholas Companies are in this immediate locality, and their stock is now commanding a large premium In addition, the Company has 40 acres in fee simple, on Cherry Tree Run, which empties into Oil Creek, and in the best producing section of the Oil Territory, and 110 acres, in fee simple, on Walnut Bend, five miles above the mouth of Oil Creek, and not over two miles from the celebrated Reed well, now producing over 200 barrels per day.

Also, the lease of three tracts of land, two on Oil Creek, each producing over ten barrels per day, and one on Allegheny river, producing ten barrels per day of heavy oil, worth now $21 per barrel. The Company now receives three-fourths of the proceeds of the last named well, and one-half of the other two. Each of these tracts will be developed by the Company by sinking additional wells, and the engines and fixtures are now on hand to do it.

The officers of this Company mean to prosecute the development of these lands most energetically, and they have entire confidence that they will yield very large dividends on the capital stock.

☞ Subscriptions must be made promptly, as more than one-half of the stock is already engaged. Subscriptions will be received at the office.
dec24-3t

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
KANAWHA AND HUGHES RIVERS
OIL COMPANY,
Office, No. 208 South Fourth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000.

PRESIDENT,
C. A. WALBORN,
DIRECTORS,
WM. M. RANDALL, J. E. RIDGWAY,
WM. V. McGRATH, ELISHA W. DAVIS,
W. H. KEMBLE.
TREASURER,
J. E. RIDGWAY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, NO. 208 SOUTH FOURTH ST. ALSO AT NO. 305 CHESTNUT ST.

DIVIDED INTO ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SHARES OF TEN ($10) DOLLARS EACH, OF WHICH TWENTY THOUSAND SHARES ARE SET APART TO BE SOLD AT $2,00 PER SHARE, MAKING $50,000 WORKING CAPITAL, TO BE EXPENDED IN DEVELOPING THE LANDS AND PAYING THE NECESSARY EXPENSES OF THE COMPANY.

The property of this Company consists of the fee simple and perpetual lease of between 1,000 and 1,100 acres of land in Wood and Wirt counties, Western Virginia.

Nos. 1 and 2 are in fee simple, and contain about 170 acres, situated at Kanawha Station, on the Northwestern Railroad, about ten miles above Parkersburg, Va., where the Kanawha river, the Parkersburg and Staunton turnpike, and the Northwestern Railroad Company come together.

Upon this property is situated the Kanawha Station of the Northwestern Railroad, which is the most advantageous point of shipment for the oil produced in the region of the Kanawha and its tributaries.

No. 3 is a tract of land perpetually leased from James Robinson, and contains not less than 500 acres, and adjoins Nos. 1 and 2.

No. 4 is the celebrated Robinson track, under a perpetual lease, and contains 393 acres, situated in Wirt county, about twelve miles above the former tracts, on the south side of the Hughes River, and near its confluence with the Kanawha, and has a boring front on Rock Run of about two miles.

The royalty to be paid on these leases is one-eighth of the net proceeds after the Company being reimbursed for expenses and outlay in producing the oil.

Above the tract on the Kanawha is the celebrated Burning Spring, and near that on the Hughes are many productive wells.

At the junction of these two streams will be found the best oil-producing territory in West Virginia.

The eligible situation of this land affords a boring territory of at least seven miles on the two rivers and their tributaries. 1t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

BERRY FARM OIL COMPANY.
CAPITAL $1,000,000,
DIVIDED INTO 200,000 SHARES OF THE PAR VALUE OF $5 EACH.
WORKING CAPITAL, $40,000.

Books of Subscription for a limited number of Shares of Stock, at TWO DOLLARS per Share, opened at the Office of the Company, No. 258 South THIRD Street, first floor, or subscriptions may be left with any member of the Board of Directors.

PRESIDENT,
JAMES J. DUNCAN.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
WILLIAM HACKER.
DIRECTORS,
JOHN B. NEWMAN, 1716 Spruce street.
JOHN H. GRAHAM, 627 Market street.
EDWIN T. COXE, 524 Walnut street.
THOS. H. WILSON, 716 North Broad street.
THEODORE ADAMS, Broad and Parrish streets.
E. POTTS, 524 Walnut street.
THOMAS R. SEARLE, Germantown.
HENRY WARNER, 702 Franklin street.
SAMUEL MUNN, New York.

The Company are now engaged in developing the property, working with double sets of hands, under the superintendence of their efficient President.

Prospectuses, maps, and further information, on application at the Office. dec31-4t

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA
PETROLEUM COMPANY.
CARD FROM THE TRUSTEES.

No. 52 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK, Dec. 14th, 1864.

To the Subscribers to the Stock of the New York and Philadelphia Petroleum Company:

It is advertised that 50,000 shares of the Capital Stock of this Company will be reserved as WORKING CAPITAL. To prevent misconception, the management desire to state that ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash ($100,000) will be deposited with the Company's Bankers, to be used only in the development of the magnificent property belonging to the Company, and for the legitimate contingent expenses.

A large majority of the stock having been taken, the books will soon be closed.

ALBERT H. NICOLAY,
President, for the Trustees.
E. C. STEDMAN, Secretary.

Subscription Agents in Philadelphia,
CLARKSON & CO.,
dec21-6t 121 South THIRD Street.

CLARION RIVER
OIL COMPANIES,
Office:—341 Walnut Street,
(Second Floor.)

WILLIAM F. SCHELL,
President.
J. SIMPSON AFRICA,
dec24-4t *Secretary and Treasurer.*

IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS.
THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

(A protected solution of the protoxide of iron) supplies the Blood with its *Vital Principle or Life Element*, IRON, thereby infusing
STRENGTH, VIGOR, AND NEW LIFE
into all parts of the system. Pamphlets free.
J. P. DINSMORE,
491 Broadway, New York
Sold by all Druggists. oct15-3m

A SINGLE BOX OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS contains more vegetable extractive matter than twenty boxes of any pills in the world besides; fifty-five hundred physicians use them in their practice to the exclusion of other purgatives. The first letter of their value is yet scarcely appreciated. When they are better known sudden death and continued sickness will be of the past. Let those who know them speak right out in their favor. It is a duty which will save life.

Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the body's health. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heartburn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. dec17-2teow

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 12 White St., New York. oct8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Cory O'Lanus on Family Affairs.

It is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.

Provided he has one.

Married men generally have. So have I.

It is the natural consequence of getting married.

Families, like everything else, are more expensive than they used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight, now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Mine have.

Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trowsers, and wear out two pairs of boots per month; keeping their blessed ma constantly employed like a besieged garrison repairing breeches, and their unfortunate pa paying out currency, under strong conviction that there is nothing like "leather"—to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir. The copper wore well, and I have an idea that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metalic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L. also became attached to copper, and thought it would be an improvement and save sewing if boys' pantaloons were like ships and tea-kettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion was A No. 1, but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L. is a managing woman. She makes trowsers for our son, Alexander Themistocles, out of mine, when I've done with them. He can get through three pair to my one, ordinarily, and I am obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to, to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of new material.

Mrs. O'L. said positively that it couldn't be done. It would ruin us. She concluded it was cheaper to cut up a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon inquiry that new cloth for the purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L., expecting a triumph of male foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn, as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimmings."

Trimmings were too much for me.

I have been afraid of trimmings ever since.

Trimmings I suppose means buttons and things.

In addition to clothes, the scion of our house runs up other expenses.

But what is the expense compared with the joy a father feels, when after a day's laborious exercise at the office, wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherubim, who in tones that go to his fond parent's heart, and make him forget his troubles, meets him with—

"Hollo, pa, give me a penny."

Your hand instinctively goes to the seat of your affections, your pocket, and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses-candy.

A Cruel Sell.

A wag in the West says the following is true; but all our lady readers will know it is false:—Worthy C——— is one of the best representatives of Young America that can be found in the fast city of Chicago. Standing on the steps of the Tremont a few evenings ago, chatting with half-a-dozen of the "boys," their attention was attracted toward two young and evidently respectable ladies enjoying an evening promenade.

"Bet drinks," says Worthy, "that I make those ladies follow and keep pace with me, whether I walk fast or slow, for the next ten minutes."

The bet was taken by Charley H———, and he was invited by Worthy to come along and see that all was fairly done. By this time the girls were passing. Worthy linked arms with Charley, and, apparently not seeing the ladies, stepped in the same direction and directly in front of them, and just near enough to let them hear his harangue.

"The wedding was to be at nine o'clock. The President, the Cabinet, all the Foreign Ministers, and the *élite* of the city, were expected to be present; and Bishop ———, with half-a-dozen assisting clergymen, was to officiate."

By this time the girls had overheard sufficient to enlist their earnest attention, and, almost unconsciously, were closely following the gentlemen. Worthy proceeded with a minute and eloquent description of the (imaginary) wedding. The bride, bridesmaids, and the ladies present, with their dresses, jewelry, &c., &c., were elaborately portrayed; and for nearly fifteen minutes did the girls follow in close and attentive pursuit without regarding either the distance or the direction of their promenade. Worthy, however, had gradually turned corners and crossed streets until the Tremont was again attained, when the gentlemen joined their confederates and the ladies passed on, in blissful ignorance of the cruel "sell" to which they had been so unmercifully victimized.

Wanted the Old Kind.—A milk-peddler finding that his business was not just what it should be, resolved to tack about and sell milk, instead of milk and water, as he had formerly done, and thus test the soundness of the old maxim about honesty. A day or two after he had effected the aforesaid change, he was told by one of his customers, a matronly old lady, that he need bring no more milk to her. In great surprise he asked her the reason why.

"Because," said she, "the article you sold me yesterday was the queerest stuff I ever saw. It had not stood there two hours when it had a nasty yellow scum on it. I must have the real sky-blue article that I have always been accustomed to have."

Disappointed.—A man applied to *Dr.* Jackson, the celebrated chemist, with a box of specimens. "Can you tell me what this is, sir?" "Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites." "What, sir?" in a voice of thunder. "Iron pyrites." "Iron pyrites! And what's that?" "That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on the shovel over the coals, where it disappeared. "Dross." "And what are iron pyrites worth?" "Nothing." "Nothing! Why there's a woman in our town who owns a whole hill of that—and I've married her!"

☞ Can any civil engineer tell us how it is that the *mouths* of rivers are larger than their *heads?*

A HINT TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Mother.—"Now, Laura, it's no use denying that you've seen Charles. He is the only young person we know who smokes in ladies' society, and your clothes smell like a tap-room."

A Pleasant Swedish Custom.

July 20.—This morning I had a pleasant surprise. When I was dressed and came down, ready as usual to go to the well, I saw in the great dining-room, before the folding entrance-doors, a square moderate-sized table very beautifully adorned with flowers. It is the custom to have a small table-cloth placed in the centre over the other cloth in a lozenge form, crimped and folded in various artistic plaits. One of these, of fine, snow-white damask, was laid on the table, looped up with bouquets of white pinks, roses and nemophile, quite a new plant here, and in the centre a splendid bouquet of the same flowers, with the addition of the syringa, here called the jasmin. There was also a large M formed in flowers upon the table. And what was it, but a mark of regard, which these kind loving hearts were showing to me? For remembering that it was St. Margaret's, or my name-day, which I had forgotten, they had, spite of yesterday's rain, gathered the flowers and thus early prepared the beautiful offering. And meeting Herr Saxenberg, the first thing he did was to congratulate me, and Sven and Knut, and every one have wished me many happy returns of the day, so that I have come in quite unexpectedly for a little festival, and I feel very like a person who has been astonished by a fortune.

"Margreth should have a little country-table," said good Fru Saxenberg. "It is not much, but it is a country custom, and what the peasants always do for each other. If it had not rained yesterday she should have had more flowers."

Now, are not these most genial and affectionate people?—*An Englishman abroad.*

Keeping Engagements.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field, to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said—

"But ye can mend it, can't ye?"

Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family, as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her—she trusted me so implicitly."

Women in Paraguay.

The author of "Sketches in Paraguay" gives us this fragrant morsel:—"Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and every female above thirteen years of age chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongue and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and depositing the savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face, and is ready for your salute. I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el sauvee* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty for this sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one-half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences, and you would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery, even the double distilled 'honey dew' of old Virginia."

Never too Old to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect. Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progressing of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past the age of fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuit till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he could therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

☞ "Conscience!" said Mrs. Hopkins, indignantly, "do you suppose nobody has got any conscience but yourself? My conscience is as good as yours—aye, better too, for it has never been used in the course of my life, while yours must be nearly worn out."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Borax to Kill Cockroaches.—At the last meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History a report was made by a member upon the effect of pulverized borax upon the water bugs and cockroaches that infest our houses. The experiment was tried by sprinkling it around every crack and crevice suspected of affording shelter to these insects, with this effect that after three or four days quantities of dead ones were found on the floors, and hardly a live one found in the house.

To Remove the Waxy Substance Dropped from a Composite Candle.—I am rather particular as to the neatness of my household furniture (no doubt some people would say I was a terrible fidget, as most old maids are,) and I am constantly annoyed by finding drops of the composition of which the candles of the present day are made, liberally distributed over my carpet, my table-covers, and even, sometimes, my own dress. I have made vain endeavors to get rid of these by taking them off with a knife, rubbing the place with a clean cloth, &c., but have never succeeded in entirely removing the substance, or the marks left by it, until lately, when a friend told me of the following simple process: Take up a redhot coal from the fire with the tongs and hold it over the wax at a distance of about three inches, when the substance and all trace of it will disappear in a few seconds, seemingly dissolving itself in the slight vapor which arises from it. I wish some of the clever writers in The Queen could explain this scientifically, as it strikes me as being rather a curious fact, and I should like to hear it satisfactorily accounted for. —*Spinster.*

Superior Dressing for Chicken Salad.—Beat the yolks of 6 eggs very light, pour over them a teacup of boiling vinegar, and return to the saucepan, stirring it constantly for a few minutes, then set it away to cool. Rub a large tablespoonful of mustard with 6 spoonfulls of oil; grate in half a potato; add a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; harden the whites by boiling the eggs; chop them up and scatter among the salad; then stir all together and pour over just before serving.

A Very Nice Way of Making Bread.—Take one cup of Indian meal and two of flour, scald with a pint of boiling water. When cool, add two cups of milk, one of yeast, and flour sufficient to mould. The more it is kneaded the better. When risen sufficiently, bake.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one large spoonful of soda, the same of ginger, flour to roll out. The thinner this is done, the more crispy the cake.

The Stereoscope.—Many are of opinion that the stereoscope is of modern invention. Sir David Brewster ascertained, in the course of his investigations, that its fundamental principle was known to Euclid; that Galen, who lived about the year 350, A. D., described it distinctly; and that Giambastista Porta had, in 1599, made such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures given by each eye, and of the combined pictures, placed between them, that not only the principle, but the actual construction of the stereoscope is recognized in it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Boys on the Farm.

The time was when boys were considered of but trifling account upon the farm. They answered to run of errands and to do the light "chores" about the house and barn. To keep them out of mischief when not attending school they possibly did some service astride the horse to mark out the corn ground and cultivate the corn and potatoes. But if ambitious to join the men in the field or elsewhere, they were equipped with the most worthless, cast aside tools, such as rusty hoes, dull, worn out scythes, old fashioned forks, used up shovels, dull axes, battered hammers, unfiled saws, and so on, through the whole catalogue of farm implements. They grew weary using them, and so would men have done accomplishing only the same amount of labor. It would not be strange if such treatment first planted dissatisfaction in the heart of many a farmer's boy, which finally ripened into utter disgust, the seeking of employment behind the counter of the village store, or, perhaps in something less honorable, which in the end resulted in iniquity or ruin.

But now, boys upon the farm are the equal of the men of those days. By the aid of the new class of implements they are equivalent to several men with the best of the old implements. Boys have indeed wonderfully increased in importance in these last few years, and nothing is too good for the brave, willing, ambitious little fellows. And they most richly deserve their newly gained importance. Two and one-half millions of men taken from the industrial pursuits of life for the purposes of war—more than one half of these direct from the farming population, and yet an increased number of acres in cultivation and an increased yield in agricultural productions, save where the vicissitudes of seasons or the ravages of insects have interfered! How could this have been accomplished without the aid of the noble boys who have remained at home? Their work has been scarcely less creditable or important than that of those older "boys in blue" that have labored in those other fields where the harvest has been the harvest of death.

We have faith in the farm boys of this day and generation. The nation owes them its sincere gratitude. They are deserving of all the benefits that shall result to them from the new industrial schools that are about being established. The early life is a preparatory school that will teach them to appreciate the benefits and blessings that the agricultural colleges are intended to dispense. Honor, encourage and care for the boys of the farm.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Churning Milk.

We take the following from an English paper:—

Seeing doubts expressed by some of your correspondents as to the practice of churning milk, I for one can reply from experience, that it is far from an uncommon practice. I believe it to be the universal method adopted in Ireland. In all the dairies I have seen there, and where very first-class butter was produced, I never saw the cream alone churned, and I am of opinion that by far the sweetest, and undoubtedly the best keeping butter is made upon the principle I refer to. Wide wooden tubs, scoured beautifully white, are what I have seen used for holding the milk, and in which it stands undisturbed for a few days, when the contents, all except about an inch or so at the bottom, is emptied into the churn. It is a mistaken idea to suppose (as so many do) that by churning the milk the butter will be longer in coming, as it is not so; and a decided advantage is gained by the very superior quality of the buttermilk, which will be found sweet and excellent when fresh, while that churned from cream alone I have rarely, if ever, found fit to drink. I would recommend "Mona" to give the system a trial, if she can get servants not thoroughly prejudiced against it. It succeeds so well in Ireland, I cannot see why it should not answer elsewhere.—Zateline.

I beg leave to say that in parts of Ireland it is a common practice to churn milk and cream together. If it was not done in the rich counties of our verdant little isle, the butter and buttermilk would have too strong a taste to be nice. I presume there is no necessity for doing it in England, or your well-informed and entertaining correspondent, Mrs. Watney, would not have been so much surprised when "Mona" mentioned it.—An Irish Subscriber.

An Argument for Small Farms and High Culture.—A correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Press makes the following statement of the profits of a single acre of the land cultivated the last season by D. S. Reed, of Bristol, Rhode Island:

The Profits of an Acre of Land.—Noticing in Monday's Press your statement about Capt. A. B. Chadsey's crop of onions and carrots from 2½ acres, I desire to give you the statement of D. S. Reed, of Bristol. His lot contained one acre, five-eighths of which was planted with onions, and three-eighths devoted to raising onion seed and some other crops of small account. He sold in one lot from the five-eighths of an acre $1,248 worth of onions, and has 150 bushels still on hand, which, at $1,50 per bushel, would make his crop of onions bring $1,470. From the other three-eighths of the acre he sold to Burdick & Barrett $600 worth of onion seed, and reserved $100 for his own use. Now add $75 for a good crop of carrots, put in after taking off the onions, and we have the nice little sum of $2,248 as the yield of one acre. The next income from the acre was $2,000.

Chicory.—Chicory is now one of the American farm products, and is said to be superior to that imported. We have seen a quotation of Illinois chicory at eleven cents per pound. This is the roots, cut and dried, not roasted for use. The roots grow somewhat like parsnips, and about as great a yield per acre, and by the aid of a kiln, would be dried and prepared for market as easily as peaches.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 9, 7, 11, 12, is an animal.
My 8, 2, 10, 6, 3, is one of the features of the face.
My 6, 10, 8, is a strong drink.
My 1, 2, 11, 5, means to shake.
My 4, 2, 6, is an adverb meaning neither.
My whole was an officer of the Revolutionary War. GUSTAVUS H. WALD.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in blunt, but not in sharp.
My 2d is in piano, but not in harp.
My 3d is in ink, but not in pen.
My 4th is in rooster, but not in hen.
My 5th is in ten, but not in two.
My 6th is in brown, but not in blue.
My 7th is in oak, but not in pine.
My 8th is in twelve, but not in nine.
My 9th is in earth, but not in sky.
My 10th is in bran, but not in rye.
My 11th is in dark, but not in light.
My 12th is in left, but not in right.
My 13th is in nod, but not in wink.
My 14th is in beaver, but not in mink.
My 15th is in crooked, but not in straight.
My 16th is in eleven, but not in eight.
My 17th is in seek, but not in find.
My 18th is in harsh, but not in kind.
My whole is a glorious sentiment.
St. Louis. YATES.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in ink, but not in pen.
My 2d is in stork, but not in wren.
My 3d is in rare, but not in new.
My 4th is in bake, but not in stew.
My 5th is in week, but not in day.
My 6th is in lend, but not in pay.
My 7th is in part, but not in whole.
My 8th is in cup, but not in bowl.
My 9th is light, but not in dark.
My 10th is in stain, but not in mark.
My 11th is in cast, but not in hurl.
My 12th is in maid, but not in girl.
My whole is the name of a distinguished officer of the Revolution.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Behead me, and I am mean and humble.
Again curtail, and I show indebtedness.
Strike out my second, and I am a salutation, an ornament, and an article much used by Indians.
My third is an exclamation.
My whole is a blossom, a gale, a shock, or a violence. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the body.
My second is the name of a rebel general.
My third is the name of a musical note.
My whole is a city of Ohio.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of serge used for linings.
My second is an ambush.
My whole is a governor of a Persian province.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the diameter of each of the three largest equal circles that can be described within and tangent to a plane curvelinear triangle, and tangent to each other, whose sides comprise equal arcs of three equal circles, which are also tangent to each other, and whose semi-diameters are 20 feet.
FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.
☞ An answer and rule are requested.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the distance between the centres of the circles which are described and inscribed in a triangle whose sides are 50, 60 and 70 rods.
REUBEN BARTO.
Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many equal spheres of 2 inches diameter can at the same time touch a central one of 6 inches in diameter? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer and rule requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What are the most unsocial things in the world? Ans.—Milestones; you never see two of them together.

☞ Why is a spider a good correspondent? Ans.—Because he drops a line at every post.

☞ Why is an infant at the breast like a resident of Illinois? Ans.—Because it is in the sucker state.

☞ What very sweet word, used alone, is a request to some maidens to begin haymaking? Ans.—Molasses (mow, lasses.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Sir Peter Parker. RIDDLE—"The Saturday Evening Post." DOUBLE REBUS—Pea Ridge, Arkansas, (Persia, Equador, Aroostook, Russia, Indian, Des Moines, Genoa, Euphrates. CHARADE—Emigrant, (Em, I, Grant. CHARADE—Orpiment, (Or, Pie, Moant.) CHARADE—Yucatan, (Ewe, Kate, Ann.)

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's PROBLEM, published Oct. 1st:—$893 nearly.

Ed. Riddler.—In my Problem of Nov. 12th there was a mistake. It should read thus:—If the base be divided by the height, (five feet,) and to the quotient 313 be added, the sum will be equal to the base minus the "square root of the base *squared* minus 63." CHAL.

Lord Dundreary's Last.—Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep? Because he is a bah-bah (*barber*).—*Punch.*